MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE ISSUE 80 $6.95

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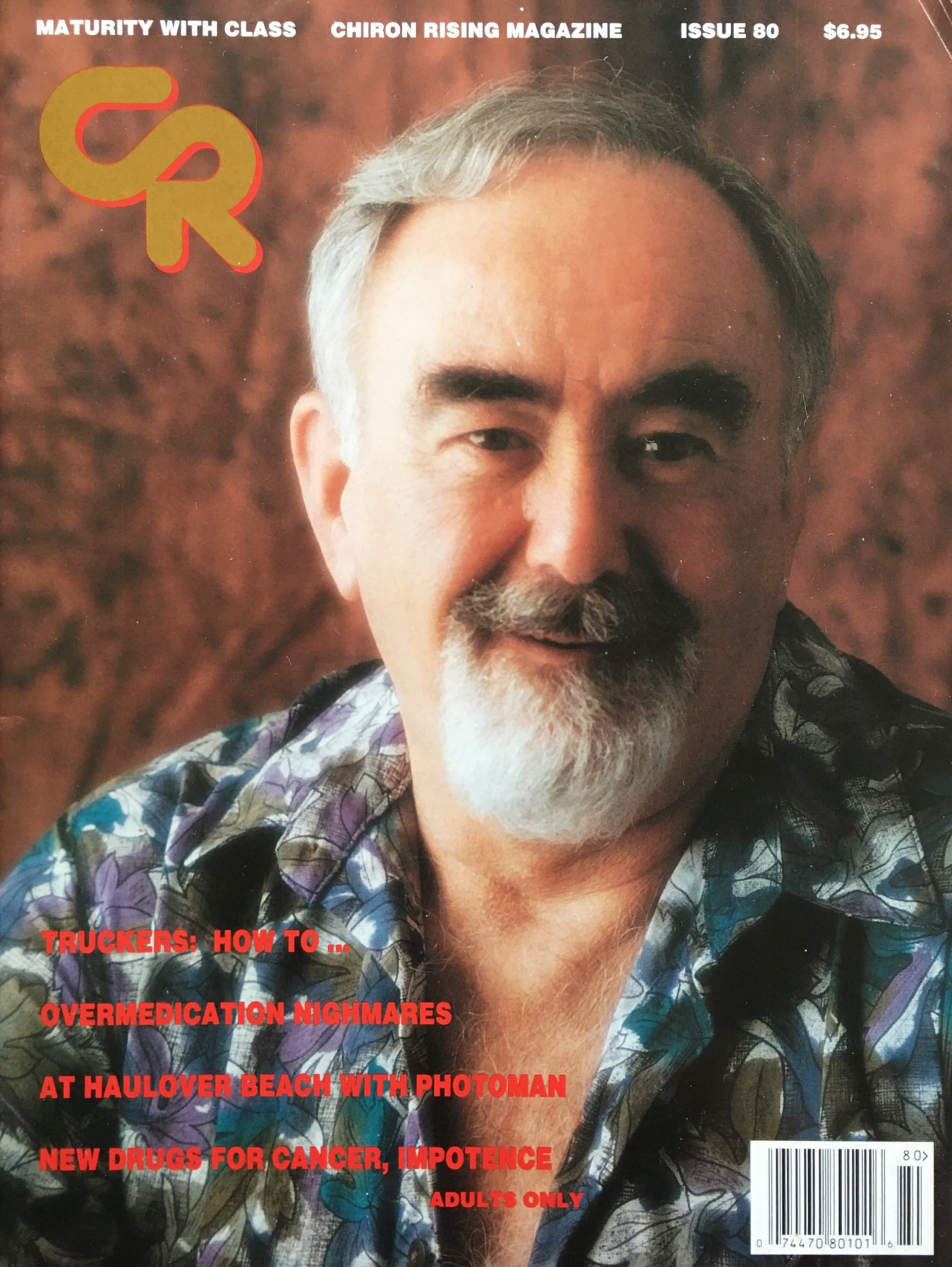

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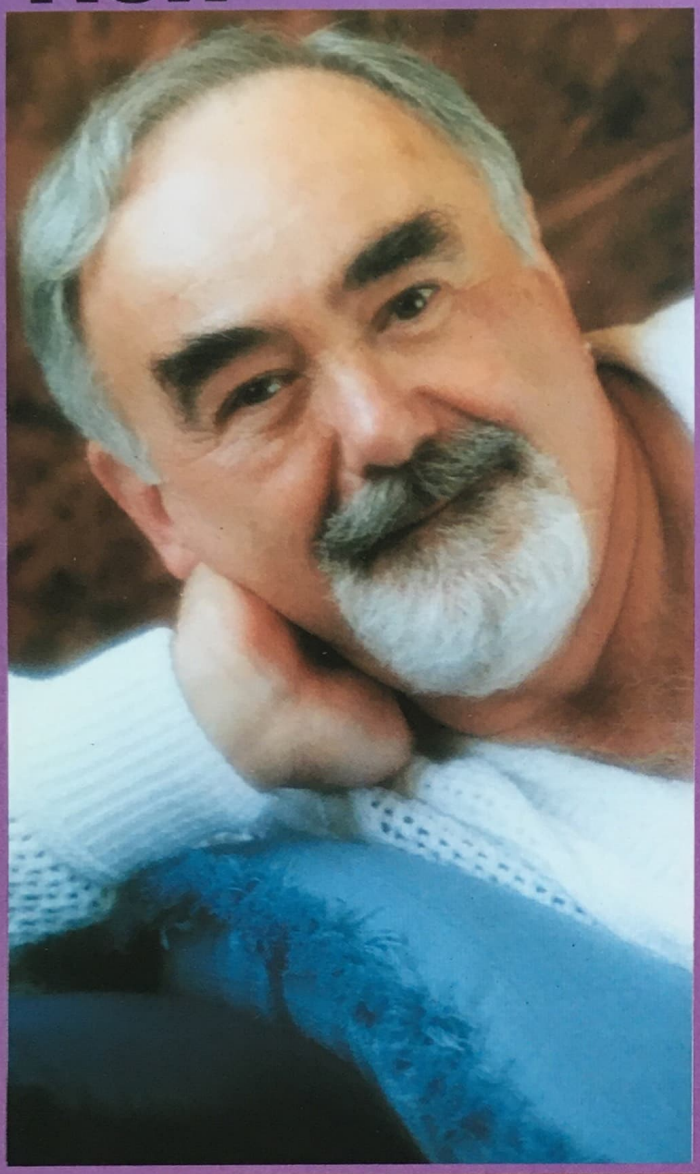

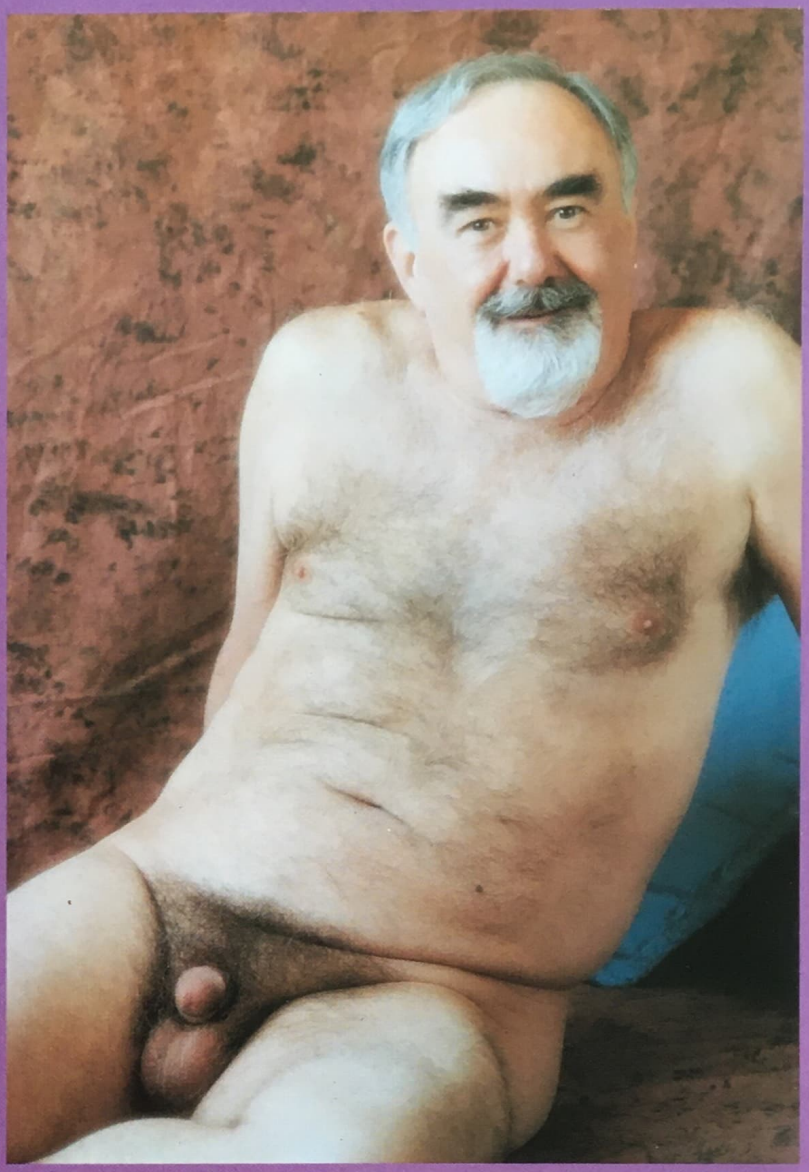

MANNY

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CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE

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To readers: The above address is for disclosure only. Not for correspondence.

PROFILES OF MODELS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, ARTISTS

MODELS

FRONT COVER, 2

TISH: 62, 6'-1", 210#, Central Pennsylvania, in an open relationship. Likes cooking, nudity, traveling, chamber music, beach. Looking to meet other men for friendship and fun. Not looking for another relationship.

Page 20:

ARNO: 67, 5'-10", 225, Germany, in an open relationship. Likes traveling, collecting European antiques and Oriental art. Looking for body builder or swimmer's build to late 30s, nonsmoker, healthy.

Page 21:

J.DON: 70, 5'-8", 242#, Central Florida, single. Likes driving, movies, plays, classical music. Looking for an honest, sincere, reliable, kind and generous person, young (26+), any race, who is willing to play for keeps.

Page 22, BACK COVER

B.K.: 53, 5'-8", 180#, Sacramento, single. Likes northern Arizona, Sierras, archeological research, stonework, outdoors, his library. Looking for physical compatibility and intellectual companionship with hairy men, 50 and up, with possibility of a long-term relationship.

Page 26:

DON OSO: 60s, 5'-10", 225#, South Florida, single. Likes music, reading, cooking, skinny dipping, and cheap champagne. Looking for considerate, affectionate man over 50 who likes skinny dipping and cheap champagne.

Page 28:

SAL: 55, 5'-6", 160#, Florida, in a closed relationship. Likes the sun, good times, dinners at home with friends.

Page 29:

MARC MANN: 65, 5'-11", 178#, Laguna Beach, single. Likes music, photography, nudism, friends.

MR. MIKE: 57, 5'-8", 175#, Los Angeles, single. Likes good company, mutual enjoyment, music, outdoors. Looking for late 50s or over, mature, masculine, healthy, humorous, heavy-set/solid, hairy, bald, nonsmoker, non-drug user, social drinker, who enjoys life and all it has to offer.

NICK & AL: 55/38, 6 ft./5'-6", 225#/200#, Eastern Iowa, in an open relationship with each other. They like fishing, hiking, biking and eating Nick's cooking. Looking for friendships, correspondence and guests to entertain. Nick likes 20-40, and Al likes 40+.

DAN BEAR: 46, 5'-8", 210#, Montreal, in an open relationship. Likes biking, television, traveling, beach. Looking for husky men, hairy, horny, for nice experiences.

Page 30:

WARREN: 61, 5'-10", 240#, New Jersey, in an closed relationship. Likes fishing, sports, travel.

NATHAN GREEN: 66, 5'-6", 180#, Ohio, single. Likes nature, single males over 30, cuddling, movies, dancing, adventure and exploring.

CHANUCK: 38, 5'-7", 135#, Vancouver, in an open relationship. Likes humor, good friends. Looking for tall trim, over 60.

PETER OF SAN FRANCISCO: 70, 5'-9", 209#, San Francisco, in an open relationship. Likes theatre, bridge, tennis. Looking for friends.

Page 31:

THE BARON: 57, 5'-9", 250#, Miami, in an open relationship. Likes young and dark haired men, preferably Hispanic.

Page 32:

SARASOTA LITTLE BIT: 60, 5'-10", 165#, Sarasota, Florida, single. Likes movies, beach, shopping, music, reading, dancing, and roller coasters. Looking for a date that could turn into a mate of substance and endurance (40-55 years old).

REDD BEAR: 36, 6 ft., 250#, Ottawa, single. Likes cooking, walking, travel, cuddling, quiet times at home, animals, kissing. Looking for 45+ FURRY DADDY, SEAN BEAR types, grey, silver, for LTR. S & P beards are a big plus.

SENIOR PLEASER: 47, 6 ft., 185#, Houston, single. Likes golf, hunting, fishing, woodwork. Looking for 55+, strong, masculine, monogamous, gray or balding, with same interest.

TENNESSEE: 72, 5'-11", 150#, East Tennessee. Likes racquetball, gym, workouts, hiking.

Page 33:

LITTLE RAB: 35, 5'-8", 180#, Seattle, in an open relationship with CR model SANTA STEVE. Likes theater, sports, travel, meeting new people from different parts of the world, sex with Daddy types. Looking for great looking men to meet and converse with.

SANDLAPPER: 57, 6 ft., 200#, South Carolina coast, single. Likes reading, writing, walking on the beach. Looking for well-endowed new friends in area or passing through. Home for entertaining near ocean.

WILLIAM OF HASTINGS: 67, 5'-10", 235#, South Coast of England, in an open relationship. Likes music, cookery, countryside, travel, entertaining visitors. Looking for friendly singles/couples, 25 plus.

DIETER: 49, 5'-9", 225#, Germany, in an open relationship. Likes men over 60, nature, animals, music, sex. Looking for pen friends from all over the world.

Page 34:

FRESNO GRAY FOX: 43, 5'-8", 165#, Fresno, in an open relationship. Likes music (rock, modern jazz, jazz fusion, new age—has a large music collection) and his dog. Looking for friendship with sincerity. People and their feelings are very important to him. <BigRed42@aol.com>

MEXICAN RANCHER: 32, 6'-4", 220#, Tabasco, Mexico, single. Likes outdoors, cooking, good food/good wines, opera, his job (cattle), nudity. Looking for friends, mature, 45+, hairy, honest, for good times.

FLORIDA NATIVE: 41, 5'-10", 190#, Daytona Beach, Florida, single.

Likes long walks on the beach, music, traveling, movies and gardening. Looking for commitment-minded, sincere, together man, age 37-47.

SEATTLE ROBBIE: 70, 5'-11", 165#, Mexico City/Seattle, single. Likes music, the arts, travel, cooking, photography, quiet evenings, dining out. Looking for hot, very sincere friend, lover, 35-60 who is kind, passionate, loving, 50/50 oriented, and fun to be with

Page 35:

SEAN BEAR: 65, 5'-10", 200#, Seattle, in an open relationship. Likes traveling, working in the yard, football on television, stormy nights on the ocean. Looking for friends in 30s for open, fun-loving times: food, love, whatever happens.

Page 36:

SKI BUM: 45, 6'-2", 200#, Italy, single. Likes music, nature, hi-fi, beach, ski bumming, travel, gourmet cooking. Looking for husky/bulky men (not fat), 45-65.

Page 39:

MAN HUNTER: 58, 6 ft., 255#, Marion, Indiana, single. Likes cooking, reading, meeting new men. Looking for guys 30 to 60, hairy and horny (beards and moustaches plusses) for lazy, hot, slow lovemaking. Also looking for friends and pen-pals.

Page 40:

SWISSBOY: 42, 187 cm, 89 Kgs, Lausanne, Switzerland, in an open relationship. Likes arts, classic music, opera. Looking for bottom, hairy, daddybears worldwide. <leo@span.ch>

Page 59:

DIMPLES: 75, 5'-9", 182#, South Florida, single. Likes exercise, music, opera, stamp collecting. Looking for great friendships.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

MIKE DEVEAU: 43, 5'-10", 220#, Palm Springs, single. He likes to have fun and is looking for other people to have fun with. Destined to photograph every hot mature man in the Palm Spring area.

JOEL: 32, Houston, in an open relationship with CR model THOM. He's always on the lookout for new models and has been known to travel widely just for the perfect shot. Recently moved from Austin.

MACRO : 30, 5'-11", 205#, Salt Lake City. In a long-term, open relationship with his burly hubby, GLENNSPORT. An expert in studio shoots. Give this guy lights and the right equipment and he's one of the best.

MANNY : 48, 6'-3", 235#, Maryland, single. Looking for a long-term relationship with just the right mature, masculine, husky gentleman, 50+, who is healthy and hairy. Short and stocky men turn him on as well as the big and burly kind. The best cover-quality photographer around.

PHOTOMAN: Late 40s, St. Louis, single. An expert at getting hot, mature men (as well as admirers) to take it all off for the camera. Very much likes to get to know same intimately. A retired professional photographer who will travel for a good photo shoot.

ARTISTS

RAY ROMERO is a 32-year-old Tucson working artist into antique vehicles, motorcycles, and mature, rugged men, 45+.

UP FRONT

LETTERS AND NEWS OF GREAT INTEREST

The following letter was received by a subscriber in his twenties, less than two months after his partner died suddenly. There was a 40+ age difference, and the older man didn't have the opportunity to provide for the younger partner in his will. We find the young man's courage and spiritual evolution to be phenomenal and wish to share his letter with our readers:

Dear Pat & Bruce: Thanks for the response. I am definitely thinking about and working on San Diego. I am also sure that by then I'll be a bit better established, so the gift registration you offered can go to help someone else. I am slowly but surely getting a routine going here; I really have little choice, for life goes on. I am also learning a great deal about myself, my needs, my strengths—really setting it all out on the table for examination. I am finally beginning to know what I want and now must work to get things accomplished, something I never took the time to do before. It never really concerned me terribly. Hokey as it sounds, loving Bill really put me in touch with my emotions, something I had never done before. It has opened up a likeable part of myself I had never known. It is sort of the missing piece of the jigsaw puzzle that had been missing for too long. I finally feel complete. No matter how saddened, lonely, or angry I am about Bill's death, I will always love him for that, and some of my tears can be for joy. Despite the chaos of his estate in the end, Bill also got me organized, focused on the future, and he provided me with the emotional support that bolstered my self-confidence from the pitiful state it had been in, back when I swore that there "was something wrong with me" because I was attracted to older men. It doesn't make things less difficult, but at least I know that the world is a little bit more friendly than I had thought! Geez! I've started another manifesto! I jump on the carousel and it is hard to get off sometimes. I best get off now. Thanks again, and I'll be in touch. MISSING HIM

FORUM

THE ORLANDO GATHERING

Thank you very much for the Orlando Gathering! If I said I had a wonderful time there, it'd be an understatement! J.T./FINLAND

We would like to take this time to thank all of the wonderful men that made us feel welcome, even though we were not part of the gathering. It was on the spur of the moment that we made our way to Orlando to find out a little more about CR. We would like to be a part of your San Diego Gathering next year and in future gatherings. We would like to express our thanks to our great friend, FURRY DADDY, who asked us to come by. A special hello to CHUCKY BEAR. C.D. & L.M. (Email)

I am sure you are flooded with thank-you notes, but I also wish to thank you for a nice gathering and especially the chance to talk to Bruce in the patio one night. Hope he feels better soon with all my love. Just a thought: do you think it would be a good idea to have a parade of models at one of the functions, maybe a slide of each model as shown in CR as the model is introduced. I know there are many many models at the gathering, but one cannot possibly meet them all in person. Of course, those models who do not want to do it do not have to, but I am sure that it would add a lot of intimacy to the family. CHIP OF TORONTO/(Email)

We were going to do something similar with the Mr. Simbadaddy Contest, complete with a large screen slide presentation, but it got cut out of the budget. Bruce is doing well after having taken a series of epidural injections for stenosis and possible neuropathy in his lower back. For now, surgery is not required. P & B

A friend just returned from your Orlando "bash" and made me sick with all the video footage and photos of one sexual escapade after another. I've got news for you sex pistols at CR. There's much more to life than seeing how many penises you can get inside your mouths. I agree with the gentleman who took you to task on the internet: I too feel that events with such a strong sexual theme reduce us to animals. I too wonder whatever happened to monogamy, celibacy and abstinence, and I wonder if we have all been reduced to sex machines that need annual lubrication. I love his scathing finale: "Not going, not missing it. Not an animal." My sentiments exactly. COLUMBUS PRUDE/Ohio

Most of the negative feedback on the gathering came from those who didn't attend. Then there was DR. ZONZO, who did attend and hated every minute ...

As expected, I could smell burning keyboards before my plane took off from Orlando. Like 99.9% of those who attended, I had a ball, but some guys just have to be the first to bash something good. Normally I'd just say, "Don't come" to wet blankets like DR. ZONZO, but I'm afraid that the ZONZOs of the gay community thrive on trying to rain on everyone else's parage. Where I find the artistry of Mark & Clark, he finds "trappings" and "bad chicken." Where I find nirvana while mingling with a sea of hot daddies, he finds "preening" and "forced socialization." I see a bargain, and he, "exorbitant" fees. You say "tomahto" and I say, "Get a life!" There are cheaper gatherings, but I assure you that the sponsors of same—including the "no frills" circle jerks—hope duds like DR. ZONZO won't come and rain on their parade either. T.Y./Atlanta

On behalf of the English contingent who attended the Orlando Gathering, I would like to say thank you for what was a wonderful weekend. The excellent organisation combined with the friendliness and good humor of everyone present made this a few days which I will remember for a long time. I met so many splendid people of all ages and hopefully many of them will remain friends for a long time. R.M./England

A letter of thanks to all those at Orlando who shared a touch, a hug, a kiss, a conversation, a bed, or their special one with me. You know who you are (maybe), and if not—there is always next time or sometime in between. To those whom I met for the first time, let's meet again. For the tremendous effort put forth by CHOCOLAD to make things smooth, my warmest. On the work done for the seminars, it was most appreciated, especially for the Internet and health issues. Thanks guys. A round of applause for those brave souls who do the Follies. Thanks for P & B for giving this formerly disenfranchised Santa Chaser a connection and a place to play. TEXAS MUTT

I know you both get compliments like this one all the time but I just wanted to personally thank you for making the Orlando Gathering available to me. I had the time of my life and I mean that sincerely. I came not knowing what to expect and was pleasantly surprised. All the men were so warm and friendly. Each and every event went off without a hitch. It was just plain fantastic. I brought two friends along with me from Michigan that were not originally CR members prior to the event but they sure are now. I've been a subscriber to Swan/CR since 1986, and during that time I have always considered both you and Bruce and the rest of the subscribers as family. But I never knew just how important you all were to my life until this

Gathering. My life has changed for the better and I owe it all to CR. Love, T.W./ Michigan

My first Gathering and what can I say? It was everything I expected and more. I was only able to stay for two days, but it was well worth the trip. I made many new friends and brought back a ton of memories that will stay with me forever. More than once I was told, "I don't know why you do, but thank heaven for you young guys who like us older guys." My response was always, "I am not sure that I know why either, but thank heaven for you older guys that like us younger guys ... and thank heaven for CR for bringing us together!" I also would like to pass on two messages, if you're willing to print them. First, to E. in California: I meant what I said in my note. Second: A lot was discussed in 1995 about the infamous orgy room. However, this year you need to invert the last two digits to get my most memorable room number. THE ACTUARY/Connecticut

I just returned from the Orlando Gathering. I wanted to write immediately to tell you what a wonderful time I had. It was so refreshing to see so many men near my age (58) enjoying themselves. But the most rewarding aspect of the entire gathering was the respect I felt from everyone, especially the younger men. Through the years I have been active in the gay community in just about every organization you can think of. While I learned from each of them, I never felt more loved and understood as I did here. The men were real men and conducted themselves as men. People who needed help were helped. The entire weekend I never heard any degrading remarks about anyone. I personally was in shock by the attention I was given. To have strangers ask to take my photo flattered me. The gentleman who took me to lunch made me feel very special. The men I shared dinner with were all most pleasant. The guys singing around the piano made me proud to be there, and the guy from Tampa who skipped dinner to spend time with me ... well, I'll never forget him. I know these events must be a lot of work for you, but this man in Cincinnati would like to say a very special THANK YOU for bringing us together. Thank you for making me feel so special and loved. You can bet I will be at the next Gathering and I will be telling every mature man I know to come and experience true fraternalism. With a smile on my face and a song in my heart. BOB FROM OHIO

I know a number of people will write to say how great the gathering was, but I would like to write about something else. It is about the workshop put on by PAPA BEAR. I know that he must have put in a lot of time and effort to prepare for this. As you saw while you were there, Pat, a good number of people showed up. Grief recovery is a heavy subject for anyone, but PAPA BEAR handled it with a flare that must have made BABY BEAR proud. When it got heavy he came up with a story or anecdote that would give some relief. As he went through the stages that the griever goes through, we could all relate to them. Also, opening the discussion at the end brought out many experiences that many of us also could relate to. My recommendation is that many of the couples in the CR family attend this well-worthwhile workshop in the future, especially the intergenerational couples group. I realize that most do not want to think about it, but sooner or later it comes to us all. Within the last two years, five of us have lost partners. My relationship was the shortest, a little over 20 years. In our cases it came late in the relationship, but I think this workshop would be of value to all partners. I pray it's not in the near future, but when it does come, they will have some idea of what to expect. Thanks again to PAPA BEAR. B.D./Florida

We're very proud of PAPA BEAR, aka The Father of the CR Gathering. Dave and Bob have been through hell the past few years, but they always find a way to survive. In spite of ill health, financial disaster, a savage mauling at the hands of the American Legal System, and the necessity of Bob's having to work two and three jobs, they somehow made it to Orlando because they knew how badly we and the family needed them there.

Thank you very much for the welcome you showed me at Orlando. It was truly good to meet you after so many years of correspondence. I was a bit overwhelmed by the number of people. There were as many guys as the total population of the two towns closest to me combined. Also, this was the first time I ever met more than five gay men at one time, and I've never been in any gay bar or group of any kind. The welcome shown by everyone soon put me at ease, and the approachability of you and Bruce, JOHN & CHARLIE, WOODY & SEAN and other notables like models STORMY, GUITARMAN, MANNY and CARL proved what CR Family is all about. BLUE WOLF and I carpooled to THE COLONEL and TOMCAT's and followed them over, after a good evening visit. One of the first to meet and greet me was FLORES, and we had a very good visit to start things off. A very busy, happy time. I was well pleased by the meals and entertainment, but the most important features for me were the workshops by JOHN McNEILL and PAPA BEAR and the new friends I made. You sure know how to throw a party. Have a Blue Sky day. BIRDMAN

Thanks for another wonderful gathering (my second). I watched you wear out a pair of sneakers, travelling back and forth between the Simba Shop and the CR Office all weekend. I hope you were able to enjoy some free time, but I can't imagine when. I never got a chance to say personally how much I appreciate and support your efforts. I'll have to let my checkbook do the talking. B.B./New York

THE LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD TO WOODY & SEAN

Thank you for another great gathering of CR enthusiasts. We thoroughly enjoyed the time in Orlando with the group. The time and effort on your parts would be staggering to most of us who go and have a good time. I

hope that you can enjoy them as much as those that you so generously give your efforts for. Let's hope that it is a labor of love for you. We were particularly impressed with your entertainment and a special thank-you for selecting WAYNE P. to do the Master of Ceremonies work for the Lifetime Achievement Award to Woody and Sean. We think he did a superior job with an informal approach and still managed to gather a tear in most eyes in the hall. Wayne is a very giving person, and we hope you can put him to good use in the future with CR activities. Thanks again for an extraordinary meeting. J.F./Florida

Where are the words that can possibly explain the gratitude that we have for the Lifetime Achievement Award that Sean and I received in Orlando. We're still trying to assure each other that it happened and was not a wonderful dream. Wayne, of course, did a superb job in his presentation. Are we biased, or is it the most beautiful plaque we've every seen!? It is so nice and occupies a prominent place in our living room. We're so proud and flattered. I want to thank you for recognizing Sean's considerable contributions in the development of Prime Timers. The old squeaky wheel cliche is never more true than in our case. I am the squeaky wheel, and Sean is the quiet one. I, therefore, have been recognized a few times for my efforts in developing prime Timers, but you are the first to realize that Sean played such an important part. Without his unswerving loyalty and support, I could never have done it. He is the one who applies the brakes when I move too fast or in the wrong direction. He is so deserving and so grateful for the recognition. Thank you, Pat and Bruce, for your considerable help in getting Prime Timers started. As the pioneers of the "older gay men's movement," you certainly deserve recognition also. I am sure it will be forthcoming. Thanks again for the award and for your generous hospitality in Orlando. We look forward to seeing you at some of the other gatherings this year. All the best. Much hugs, Woody Baldwin/Austin

AND FURRRRTHERMORE

Something that you should be aware of: letters sent through your magazine are not always being sent on to the appropriate designation. Several months ago, I wrote to models in Mississippi. Never received an answer, which is unusual, because I do write good letters and am close to 100% in replies. Yesterday I got a letter and picture from them, but only because a mutual friend suggested that they might like my partner and me. I called them last night and no, they had not received my original letter and pictures sent through CR. This has happened to me often with other magazines, but I didn't think it would happen with CR. My point is this: if I take the time to write, then you should take the time to forward our correspondence. Do you not agree? Appreciate this being looked into and thank you for that! D.S./South Carolina

How disappointing that our reliability comes in a distant fourth behind the U.S. Postal Service, the addressees, and the distinguished South Carolinian's correspondence skills. Humorous circumstances surrounding the forwarding of subject letter, however, created a vivid memory. We regularly screw up, but in this case we didn't.

DO WOMEN READ CR TOO?

I read your magazine each month as soon as it arrives if I beat my partner to the mailbox. I hope that your readers appreciate the hard work and dedication to others that must go into the distribution process for CR. I know that I am just a tad biased towards the management crew, but as a consumer of the printed word, I find CR to be an excellent publication and resource tool. We must all remember that the good of the effort is only the output of the sum of the individuals involved. Each person that responds has a part in the success of the organization. Either through the continuation of support or from the learning opportunities that arise from those non-supporters that exist. The life of the organization and the spread of the success is evident by those who continue to thrive from the hard work and dedication of everyone involved. Keep up the good work. THE WOMAN ON THE WALL/Texas

TWOTW is both family and a stockholder, but she and her husband are part of an ever-growing group of heterosexual readers.

A GREAT REASON TO VISIT MILANO

Help me. I am Italian boy very nice and good (30 years, 1,75 m, 70 Kg). I like only man very big and fat, over 45 years. I search one friend for my life. I living stand alone and you welcome guest in my house in Milano. When go in Italy? Silvano S., via R. Boscovich, 17/9, 20124 Milano, ITALY. Phone +39 335 8113 979. Email: SILENIUM@GALACTICA.IT

KIWI REVENGE

We present herewith the fallout over our article THE KANGAROOS OF BUNDANOON in CR #79. Normally, the following responses wouldn't be very newsworthy, but since that vociferous little NZ clique has sent letters of protest around the globe, we thought we might respond as well.

You are now a confirmed arsehole in my opinion. I have read the article you wrote in CR about your NZ visit and I think it just goes to prove you have no manners or class. Owen is most hurt, not so much because of what you wrote about him and his hospitality, but that you wrote nasty things about NZ. As Owen said, you had two days here, rushed around like a mad thing and then passed judgement on the whole of New Zealand from your very brief and one-eyed visit. It's pointless I know, writing to you, as you are too egotistical to publish a retraction, let alone a response from Owen. But

to put the record straight, TRANSPLANT, who is an acquaintance only, was speaking to Owen way back last year about your impending visit. He is a no-hoper who lives in a garage and is a bit of a drifter. Owen, out of the goodness of his heart, decided that someone should look after you guys and show you Kiwi hospitality, so he opened his home to three strangers! He then arranged for you to travel to Rotorua, as you had indicated you were interested in the Maori cultural experience. Then upon your return to Auckland, Owen invited a few guests (of which I was one but declined!) for hors d'oeuvres and drinks so you could meet a few Kiwis. Owen was also aware of Bruce's diabetes and his eating schedule. He says he made it clear that it was only nibbles that night and suggested you stop on the way home from Rotorua for a meal since there wouldn't be time to prepare more food between when you arrived home and when the guests were due to arrive. This offer was declined!!! Owen, a very caring and sensitive soul, is most hurt by you. Also, as he clearly stated to me a few days after you left, you weren't interested in Maori culture. All you were interested in was seeing the gay spots of Auckland, meeting as many people as possible and thinking that New Zealanders would be queuing up to meet and pay homage to this arsehole from the U.S. You are not welcome back in New Zealand again. We have one of the fastest growing tourist industries in the world and millions of very happy visitors leaving our shores every year. If you were interested in any way in what New Zealand has to offer, then the South Island is a wonderland of natural beauty. But then I'm sure that would be wasted on you anyway. May you stick to the gay ghettos of the world in your travels in the future and stay away from the real world, lest you only pollute it with your presence. PETER OF NZ/ renoir.intl@xtra.co.nz

Kindly remove my name from your mailing list of an unsolicited pornographic magazine you publish. I have no interest personally in its content featuring photos of obese elderly men nor the arrogance of an editor who would write worldwide a judgement of a country after a mere forty-eight hour visit. I am pleased that you found Australia much more appealing. Disappointed nevertheless that N.Z. failed to impress you. With reference to the put-down drivel you wrote over being deprived of dinner on your second night, I do apologise. I was aware that afternoon that we would have insufficient time on our return home to prepare a meal before the evening guest arrived at 8 pm, which in NZ is a post-dinner hour to entertain. You seem to have forgotten that I suggested stopping on the road for a quick meal, but you declined in spite of my concern for Bruce's eating schedule. A reply is not required. I do not wish to hear from you ever again. Owen R./Auckland

Oooo, you've gone and done it now, Pádraig, me boy. Those Kiwis are gonna throw back gobs of feces laced with spit, shorn feathers and pulled hair. Happens every time one compares Australia with Kiwiland. Wait until the dust settles and do a sequel to THE KANGAROOS OF BUNDANOON and call it THE COWS OF TAURANGA. That ought to placate them. J.D./DUBLIN

Last year we contacted our friend TRANSPLANT, who is sweet, very stable and in long-term employment, and asked him to suggest an Auckland hotel where we could throw a party for our N.Z. fans. We also asked if he could take enough time off from work to escort us to a Maori Cultural Center. He responded with an offer from his friend Owen, who wanted to go with us to Rotorua. We didn't know Owen from Adam, but we invited him along because he was a friend of TRANSPLANT's. Later, we received word that Owen had invited us all to stay over at his house and that he and TRANSPLANT were throwing a dinner party in our honor. We reluctantly agreed after TRANSPLANT told us that he wanted to cook for us. Having arrived in Auckland and rented a van, Owen and TRANSPLANT acted as tour guides from the front seat. We paid for all their meals and lodging and presented Owen with a house gift of four expensive bottles of exported liquor. He offered to stop only because he thought Bruce might have needed a snack because of his diabetes, but Bruce responded that he could wait until dinner. We never asked to see gay spots. Actually, we didn't ask for anything. It was Owen's idea to "rush around like a mad thing." Some host. He crassly complained about our house gift loud enough so we could hear; he and his guests complained about the "bad manners" of all the Americans who'd visited before us; he and his guests trashed PETER for not coming; and he mercilessly derided one of his "dinner" guests after I asked if the elderly man could come along on our last day of sightseeing. WORST OF ALL, HE DIDN'T PURCHASE, NOR DID HE PREPARE THE HORS D'OEUVRES. TRANSPLANT DID, AND IT ENTAILED AN HOUR OF COOKING TIME (no time to prepare dinner??) PETER's letter confirms that we weren't out of NZ a week before we were being dissed as well. I'll repeat something I said in the article: New Zealand is a beautiful country. If that is "nasty," then I'm Captain Cook. On the other hand, New Zealand is to Australia as Chile is to Brazil. Not trashing Chile, just praising Brazil. If we apologize to anyone, it is to TRANSPLANT, who will no doubt suffer the ongoing wrath of the Auckloand Aunties. We wish him luck in finding some real men to run around with.

CLONING FREDDY

CR #78 was exceptionally great with the pictures of FREDDY GATOR. The man has a wonderful smile which was never captured before in previous photographs. Now, since they can clone sheep in Scotland and soon will try it on humans, I would like to order three (3) FREDDY GATORs and three (3) ROB DADEOs. I can rest on Sunday!

HARD GATHERING FACTS

announcements for those who have a right to know

THE ATTENDANCE

We expected 2,000 total attendance and 1,500 for meals, but we fell far short. For each of the dinner functions, there were approximately 950 partaking. Since we had committed to 1,000, we were charged for $3,750 worth of uneaten food. Overall attendance was a little less than 1,200.

We're not certain of the full reasons behind the shortfall, but we know that the hotel's premature and erroneous announcement of sellout back in April, combined with a flood of rumors out of Palm Springs about CR's demise, didn't help matters. Income fell to 1987 levels during the month of March.

Enter killer "Catch 22": The hotel advises that over 100 rooms had been cancelled during the week before the gathering. Consequently, we didn't make our room commitment, nor did we get the room night credit we had anticipated. Those guys who tried to book at TT after May 1st were turned down because the Twin Towers was "sold out." Then, when the cancellation flood hit, the hotel plugged the vacancies with families booking through agencies. Bottom line: about $4,000 in unexpected staff lodging and other expenses.

THE SNAFUS

1. EARLY BIRD REGISTRATION

Anticipating that perhaps fifty to a hundred delegates might like to register early on Thursday, we made arrangements to issue badges and wrist bands in the lobby on Thursday evening. The plan was quickly abandoned, however, when we saw that hundreds of delegates had arrived early and were mingling in the lobby. We hastily set up the CRPI office for 200 or so early bird registrants, then we were mobbed by over 400 men.

2. WILL-CALL

Ditto Will-Call. Bad setup by yours truly. Men who had made reservations and held the correct funds were stuck in long lines with those who showed up unannounced and knowing only that there was a party in the hotel. There was chaos, and some delegates became very pissed. Who could blame them?

3. SIMBA SHOP

It was placed in the wrong location and a lot of guys couldn't find it. Since we depend upon back issue and apparel sales at the gatherings, we burned ourselves on this one. The Town & Country Hotel's Tiki Hut is ideal for such a merchandising center, and we will be geared up for the sale of a lot of fun stuff.

THE CR STAFF

The best ever. Had it not been for them, the gathering would have flopped. CHOCOLAD, a co-director, ran most of the show and worked twice as hard as anyone else. This was HIS convention. The supervisors (JIM G., TINY, MAINE JIM, KIM & HAMHOCK, BABY BEAR, BAY AREA TOP, DENNY & BIG MAC, FREDDY GATOR, MR. MIKE, JAZZY JIMMY and SHORTY) worked their butts off, and the volunteer hosts, speakers, and entertainers were absolutely fantastic!

THE DISTRACTIONS

1. SECURITY ALERT

A security alert was implemented to advise our security staff, the hotel's security, and the Orlando Police Department of three men who were not to be allowed inside the hotel. One had been served a restraining order (another had eluded one) and two had made threats against CR staff. None of the men showed up, but three bad asses who managed to cause trouble in Orlando have been blackballed and added to the security alert for San Diego.

2. KIDDIES IN THE POOL

See the "Catch 22" under ATTENDANCE. By Sunday morning, there had developed a rather intense dialog between CRPI and Radisson over CRPI's not having exclusive use of the hotel's pool and other facilities, something we felt was provided for in the convention contract (actually it wasn't, since we had not made our room commitment). Consequently, our signed 1999 contract has been cancelled and CRPI and Radisson are now negotiating a new contract. The hotel has promised true exclusive use of hotel in 1999.

THE UNDESIRABLES

1. THE LOBBY SHOW

A man so far identified only as "a creep with a New York badge" was reportedly passionately kissing another man near the front desk in the lobby on Monday morning. According to various sources, none of whom could (or would) identify the man, he unzipped his partner's fly in front of a lady with a child. The lady became furious, and he quipped, "So don't look," whereupon several delegates nearby admonished him. If anyone knows the identity of this man or the identities of any of the witnesses nearby, please advise CRPI. The woman has reportedly filed a complaint with OPD and may be in the process of filing lawsuits. But we have reason to believe she would leave us alone if we fingered the offender for prosecution. We have a partial list of those CR men who probably witnessed the incident and am confident that one of them will tell us the man's identity rather than waiting for the authorities to force the issue. We have a corporation to protect and couldn't care less about a lowlife who would conduct himself lewdly in front of a child.

2. THE PORK INCIDENT

We accommodated special dietary restrictions for those who are Muslim, Kosher, or vegetarian, but some weren't satisfied. Instead of requesting vegetarian dishes, a couple of men went nuts over being in the same room with pork. One railed about something every time he saw me. An example:

"I am exta-REEEmely offended that I must share the pool with a woman!" Twenty-seven special meals were unclaimed and thrown out over the weekend.

3. ALTERCATIONS

No registered delegate was thrown out for offensive behavior, but a few came close. Some absolutely would have been thrown out had I or anyone from our security staff witnessed the crap they pulled. Unfortunately, a lot of delegates chose not to become involved after witnessing criminal behavior.

After a couple of run-ins with some surly pretty boys, we have decided to begin looking closer at young, tough-looking, arrogant, well-built guys (read: hustlers) who show up off the street. Our security procedures will change accordingly. Also, the fact that a delegate got by with an outrage in Orlando doesn't mean that he'll have the opportunity to play the same game in San Diego. You know who you are, so don't even bother trying to register.

THE UNSOLVABLE PROBLEMS

1. THE LONG MEAL LINES

We hate lines as much as anyone and wish there was something we could do about them. One delegate suggests that we open the dining room for seating an hour earlier, but the suggestion wouldn't work. The catering staff cannot set up while delegates are finding tables. They would have to set up an hour earlier, constituting a massive overtime charge. We will solve the slow-moving breakfast buffet line problem by serving "family buffet style," which means that each table will have a mini-buffet already set up.

2. THE HOTEL CHECK-IN LINES

Add long convention check-in lines to "death and taxes" as being the only sure things. Hotels can "staff up" for food and beverage services, but they cannot hire temps for the front desk. There are only so many terminals anyway. Come in late or early; otherwise be patient.

3. HOTEL SNAFUS

Prepare to have your reservation or room assignment screwed up. It happens, especially during a convention. We cannot help you unless you are a staff member staying in a master account room.

4. CONVENTION FOOD

Sure, a good cook could probably make a better chicken Veronique in his own kitchen, but try preparing it for 1,000 men ... then serving it piping hot over a period of 15 minutes. You aren't dining at the Four Seasons, fellas; you're dining at a convention with 1,000 select men, so chill out.

5. THE "EXORBITANT" COST

It doesn't take much creativity for our covetous detractors to convince a few thousand uninformed retirees on fixed incomes that CR is bleeding them dry. To many disadvantaged seniors, $200 is way too much money to spend for a four-day event. They aren't the types of men who will go out and blow $200 in one night on cocktails and dinner for two, a Mark & Clark calibre show, and dancing into the wee hours. Those who do that sort of thing know that $200 for a four-day event like Orlando is an unbelievable bargain. Okay, if we cut out Mark & Clark, the chicken Veronique, the comfortable hotel, the D.J.—if we held the gathering at a camp ground and served hot dogs—how many people would show up? Hey, guys, we aren't the enemy. You can choose to join us with a "where there's a will there's a way" attitude while carefully reading what we have to offer the disadvantaged ... or, you can rattle spears for the slick-dicked wannabees who have one hand in your pocket while the other shakes a fist at us. Sheep on one side of the room; men on the other.

THE CHANGES PLANNED FOR SAN DIEGO

1. REGISTRATION

We will have two full days of registration: Thursday, May 7th, and Friday, May 8th. The will-call area will be much larger and better staffed. Charge cards will be accepted for payment.

2. COCKTAIL PARTIES

We will add one cocktail party for Thursday night and delete the one scheduled for Saturday night, when you will be on your own for cocktails and dinner.

3. MAIN EVENTS

Friday: Dinner Dance with a big band and a large dance floor.

Saturday: Gala Cocktail Show. Currently negotiating for Mark and Clark.

Sunday: Lifetime Achievement Award Banquet. Recipient to be announced.

4. ENTERTAINMENT

a) Cabaret in the evening, featuring entertainers U.K. Cowboy, Pauly T., Sean O'Neill, Richard Burckhardt, and many others. Hosted by Jimmy Love.

b) Recital Series hosted by Dr. Jim Edmonds. Brilliant pianists, singers and instrumentalists from all over the world will perform.

c) Art Exhibit. Even better than 1996, with SAITO, KEMUSH, AARON, WALTER MITTY and others.

d) D.J. Dancing until the wee hours in a much larger and better location than in 1996.

5. WORKSHOPS

PAPA BEAR, JOHN McNEILL and JOHN KILPATRICK will return, along with some provocative new workshops.

6. EXCLUSIVITY

We'll have exclusive use of the West Tower and both facing pool areas, along with the Tiki Hut.

7. SECURITY

If you are at least a moderately nice guy with good manners, you won't even notice the highly elevated security we will have in place. It should be painfully obvious that such is a requirement in today's world. We have been forced to exercise zero tolerance. To those who threatened some of us with violence and/or disruption: do it again and you'll pay dearly. To those who attempted to harass, menace and/or provoke some of us: you are now blackballed. Show up in San Diego at your own risk. To those sociopaths, hustlers, bullies, sexual exhibitionists and scorpion-tongued queens who wish to make a statement at our expense: You may want to reconsider coming.

8. QUALITY

Better than ever before.

ESSAY

TRUCKERS
AND OTHER TRICKS
HOW HOMOSEXUALITY SAVED MY SOUL

BY TOMCAT

The man who brought me out was into truckers. Large, small, young or old—it didn't matter what they looked like. As long as they drove an eighteen-wheeler and had a dick between their legs, my first lover would try to satisfy them. There wasn't a glory hole in the state of Louisiana he wasn't familiar with and, in most cases, he'd made most of those circles of passion himself with a small personal pocket-sized power drill he kept on him for such occasions.

Being young and new to gay life, I really resented his passion. I felt that the two of us should maintain a true and monogamous relationship. Yet because I loved the man, I permitted his excursions, because as far as I knew, this was the way gay people behaved.

We had a wholesale business traversing the entire bayou state, from New Orleans to Beaumont on Interstate 10, and from Shreveport to Vicksburg on Interstate 20. Not a trucker in the state was safe. My first male lover, it seemed to me, knew every trucker by his rig, every waitress in every restaurant, every rest area by its mile marker, and every highway patrolman by his territory.

He had a lot going for him. He resembled Bum Phillips, once the head coach for the New Orleans Saints, and at least once a week he was asked for his autograph. He had false teeth and a slow and easygoing style which could easily appease any man, whether a deep-swamp Cajun or well-heeled businessman. Women chased him, men admired him, and I adored him. It was love at first sight.

I had lost my wife three years earlier in a devastating automobile accident. It was a wonderful marriage, the kind made in heaven. And when she went away, she took with her my future and (I thought) any possible chance of attaining real happiness in this life. A dark cloud seemed to hang over my head. I was lost. The day after the funeral, I closed up our business, gave away all my possessions, and left the state, running from memories ... and myself.

In the south, my life was spent going from one meager job to another, not caring which road I travelled as long as I was on the move. I lived a while in Houston, then worked offshore, then moved to New Orleans, always under that storm cloud ready to unleash its fury. Sex and friends were not words in my vocabulary. I became a loner. There was no joy in my life, and at 21 years of age, the only thing I looked forward to was eventually dying.

Vic (not his real name) was standing on a street corner in the city, right before Mardi Gras, when I first saw him. Fifty-two years old and smiling like Zeus himself, the sun seemed to be shining only on him with my first glance, and a spark seemed to ignite within me when I realized that no matter what happened, I had to speak with this man.

The first words coming out of his mouth gave me the impression of Ben Cartwright talking to Little Joe. I don't remember how I responded, but I must have said it right, because the next thing I knew we were walking towards my apartment for a cup of coffee.

It was during the second cup when I asked him to spend the night.

I never believed that I would ever let a man make love to me, but there I was, enjoying it. I had thought myself incapable of ever loving again, but three years of unspent passion came roaring out. Unbelievably, I found myself working hard to make sure he was satisfied. We spent the rest of that night talking in each other's arms, and before sunrise, he had loved those long years of frustration and loneliness out of me.

Within six months I joined him in his wholesale business. Always travelling, I was constantly learning from him about business, life and people. It wasn't until the second week of working with him that I began to notice little things: like how we never went by a rest area or truck stop without his having to stop, or how he always seemed to know the longhaul drivers no matter where we were, or how much longer he always stayed in the john than I.

It finally occurred to me that there was almost always someone in the stall next to the one he entered, so after ten days of working together, I decided to discover exactly what was up.

The first rest area we entered in our normal manner: I went to the urinal, and Vic entered the stall. When I was finished, I washed my hands and walked to the door, opening it as if I were leaving ... only I stayed inside. Mere seconds after the door clicked shut, I saw a pair of feet reposition to face Vic's booth, then I saw Vic's knees fall to the floor. I broke into tears and rushed to the van.

I watched as a graying trucker walked out of the small building, yawned, then headed for his rig. When Vic came out, I got out of the van and marched inside the toilet. I stood inside the booth that Vic had occupied and stared down at the gaping hole in the panel. I must have washed my face three times before I could face Vic again.

After several minutes of riding in

silence, I turned to him. "How could you do this to me ... to *us*?"

"Do what?" He appeared to be surprised.

"How could you suck a cock without even knowing who it belonged to?"

"What do you mean? I knew who was in the next stall," he said matter-of-factly. "Didn't you see that Cumberland Gap rig?" He sounded like he was speaking to a child.

"Well, no..." I began.

"Tom, you've got to understand that I've known these drivers a lot longer than I've known you." He studied me. "I know their families, I know their wives, even! That was not a stranger, and that was not a strange cock."

I was shocked at his suddenly becoming very irritated, essentially neutralizing my outrage.

"I never once said that I would stop doing truckers, and you never asked me to."

"You're right," I agreed, my head reeling. "But I figured ..."

"Figured what?" he interrupted. "That we would fall in love and live happily ever after?"

"Yeah, something like that," I offered.

Vic slowed the van down and turned off to the shoulder. His hands remained on the steering wheel as he slowly let out his breath. "Tom, I have many, many friends. These men are away from their families weeks at a time. All I do is provide them some relief."

"But damn it, Vic, we're supposed to be together! Isn't sex something we should share only between ourselves?"

I looked into his eyes and felt helpless. It was at that moment that I realized just how deeply I loved him. He had brought me back from the depths of despair. Meeting him had brought me into a different world and a much different life. He showed me that I was still capable of loving again. Not in the traditional sense, mind you, for I would never go back to having sex with a woman. He taught me the enjoyment of satisfying men and that sex is really what you make it. It can be revered as something sacred, or it can be utilized as just a wondrous physical release between two loving friends.

Those years of learning about life with Vic taught me a lot about cruising truck stops, truckers, and rest areas, not to mention a lot about myself. He also taught me other useful things, like how to pull over truckers without leaving your vehicle, or how to find out if someone's interested two stalls down.

I am now in a very happy relationship with one of the most wonderful men in the world, so these "rules of the road" should now be passed on:

1. If you're gonna cruise in a truck stop, don't settle for second best. Sit down and order coffee with the best looking lone man in the place.

2. Start up a conversation with him. (Hint: all truckers have two things in common: they all love their trucks, and they all travel different areas of the country.)

3. Don't be too anxious. Take your time, get to know the man. Show interest in him, and he'll talk about himself. If he's friendly, then push on, but don't try to bullshit the guy. Show an interest in the wonderful life of trucking, and he will tell you all about it.

4. Find out how often he makes it home. This will give you some indication on how horny he might be.

5. Get him to talk about his wildest experiences. During this phase, he will talk about women and maybe mention getting a blow job or two. This will also let you know whether he enjoys it or not.

6. Pick up on the hints that he drops. During this time he will tell you if he's interested. Always look at his eyes for the signal to proceed.

7. Ask him about his truck: year, model/type, mileage. FIND OUT IF HE'S GOT A SLEEPER! Explain to him that you have always dreamed of traveling the open road and that you're not familiar with trucks ... and that you'd really like to see his.

8. (CRUCIAL) If he is interested, he'll take you into his cab. But be careful not to push too hard, because you may scare him off. He may think you want to rob him, or worse.

9. If you've made it to the cab, CONGRATULATIONS! You're almost home! This is where the touching begins—a foot against yours, a rubbing of the crotch. If there's a twinkle in his eye, go for it. Slowly: remember, you are a guest in this man's home. He now holds the upper hand. Treat him with respect, and treat yourself.

10. Well-satisfied truckers are extremely loyal and make the best of friends. After the first round, a few may not be able to deal with the idea of being serviced regularly, and others will want you only for good friendship and conversation. Maybe you're just not that good of a cocksucker, whatever. But, they will never, ever bad-mouth you afterwards. After all, how would it look after they'd invited you to their cab?

11. The trucking industry is a fraternity. Never talk about one trucker to another, even if they don't know one another, for all truckers are united in the same line of work. You are the outsider.

12. Don't be afraid to become friends of the waitresses, managers, cooks, etc. in the truck stop. This will give you an excuse to frequent the place, and they will defend you if anything bad happens.

So, according to TOMCAT, that is the Twelve Commandments of Cruising Truckers and Truck Stops. Some of you may already be familiar with them, but most of you are probably not. Just bear in mind: these commandments come with a money-back guarantee. If you are delighted, don't forget to ask for TOMCAT'S TIPS ON PICKING UP TAXICAB DRIVERS or TOMCAT VISITS THE VATICAN. Order blanks available on request by contacting: TOMCAT9722@aol.com

TOMCAT lives on the Gulf Coast with his lover of four years, THE COLONEL. He's a former marine and founder/president of the Gulf Coast Prime Timers.

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TRANSFIGURATION

BY TECUMSEH

"Shut that damned thing off!" I shouted over Callas' vibrato. "Dennis, *please* shut it off!"

He moved his free hand feebly across the sheet until it located the small black remote. He pushed a button and the music stopped abruptly.

"You have forty recordings of that aria; why does it always have to be Callas?"

He smiled impishly at me from the hospital bed that had taken over our bedroom. "Because she is immortal," he said with satisfaction. "Turning her off doesn't kill her."

"Everyone who ever cut a recording is immortal. You don't know what her voice does to me. It grates on my ears like fingernails on a blackboard."

"*'La Divinia'* sings *Casta diva* like no one else ever has. Her voice excites me and makes me vibrate with life."

"I know," I said, relenting, remembering how our playing field was slanted: Dennis's flame nearly extinguished; me, pulsing with vitality. "It's the voice that makes them live forever, like Garland and Monroe." He had said that to me many times.

"And maybe Sally Kellerman. When she does a voice-over, I see viscous oils dripping over the product she's hyping, like Log Cabin syrup over Aunt Jemima pancakes."

"She isn't dead yet; she can't be immortal," I protested.

"But she will be, Joel. I'm leaving you behind to watch it happen."

Dennis raised his hand with the dripping IV attached and beckoned to me. I sat on the edge of the bed and placed my palm under his so as not to disturb the needle.

"How are you?" I asked in a serious voice.

"Fine. All right. Terrible .... I'm fine because I can still listen to Callas. I'm all right because I've been thinking about what it means to die, and hoping that at this stage of my life I might be privy to new insights. I'm terrible because I haven't come to any conclusions yet."

"Are you in much pain?"

"No, actually. I think the cancer must be destroying the nerves as fast as the blood cells. My ability to feel pain seems to have gone with my ability to stand up by myself."

I looked into his face. It was drawn from weight loss, but still fine-featured and handsome. At 70, Dennis's face could have modeled for *Modern Maturity*, his eyes shining with intelligence and wit. But his body had shriveled, and he was now a glowing mind atop a matchstick. I easily carried him in my arms when I had to change his sheets.

"If it has to be, I'm glad it's this way," I said.

"Which way?"

"If your body were sound and you were in a coma, I'd be so frustrated and lost without you. This way, I can be with you and we can share things until the very end."

"That's what I've been thinking about—the very end. Perhaps there is none." He looked at me thoughtfully, and I waited for him to continue. "I've been thinking what a small, insignificant intelligence I've got—in the scheme of things, I mean—and if I can't understand the latest scientific theories, maybe that's the reason I can't resolve dying."

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked on cue, knowing he enjoyed being prompted.

"Well, the latest theory is that the universe doesn't have any beginning or end; it loops back on itself and encloses everything. There's nothing outside it—on the back side, as it were—because it has no back side. And I simply can't comprehend that ... that there's nothing beyond something."

I felt a swell of joy inside of me as Dennis launched into one of his flights of reason. In our twenty years together, I couldn't hope to remember the number of times I lay with him after sex, my head on his arm, dozing as is my wont, as he gestured with a cigarette at the ceiling and philosophized. He was always trying to make the world make sense and, for me, it seemed he almost always succeeded, because, at my stage of life, I was still grappling with the easy problems. Dennis, 30 years my senior, was always in the lead. As he did when he taught in college, he loved to shepherd an inquiring mind, and I was willing to follow him wherever he led. Fearlessly, we attacked religion, politics, sex, and the life force. We rarely came to conclusions, but we never ran out of material.

"Go on," I encouraged. "I know there's more to this."

"Well, it's obvious. If they are right, and I can't perceive it, then maybe life is endless and has no boundaries, and I'm just too stupid to conceive of it."

"I'm afraid that life is like television, my friend. Little substance, lots of commercials, and when you turn it off, the picture shrinks to nothing and everything goes black."

"Ah, Joel, *my* friend, you're forgetting that I hold the remote; I can always switch it back on."

"Unless the set is broken."

"Well, yes, there's that. I'll work

on it some more."

His eyes twinkled; it was so hard to believe he was leaving me. I took a deep breath. "Suppose I give you your medicine and you get some sleep?" I drew the drapes part way.

"Yes, sir," Dennis said, his eyes still glinting in the half light. "And then, if you'll put in your earplugs, I'll just drift off with a little Callas."

I averted my face, but he knew I was smiling and shaking my head. I couldn't deny him his most enduring pleasure any more than I could stop loving him.

Our days continued like that, mild interplay punctuated by longer and longer naps, with Callas lulling Dennis to drowse, caressing him when he roused. He hadn't made up his mind about life after death when, two weeks later, with his beloved Callas whispering in the background, Dennis died peacefully in his sleep.

We had a wake, our friends and I. There were no tears as we were all well prepared for Dennis's death by the months when he was bedridden. They brought food and wine and came to celebrate Dennis's life. We toasted him, wherever he might be, and hoped he was attending never-ending concerts by Garland, Monroe, and Callas.

We watched a video of *Niagara*—well, maybe we didn't *watch*. We let it play in the background. It was one of Dennis's favorites—so bad it was good, he was fond of saying. We paused our joking and conversation for Marilyn's rendition of "Kiss," and when the carillon played the melody I was transported back to all the films connected by bells that Dennis had loved: Valli's bells. Jean Seberg's. Maureen O'Hara's.

Dennis had always said he regretted resembling Joseph Cotten in *Niagara;* however, he liked the fact that I resembled Marilyn's mysterious boyfriend: wavy black hair, slender, and heavy in the chest. The resemblances were purely physical, you understand. Nothing in our real lives paralleled the plot of the movie.

As our friends departed, in pairs or singly, they wished me well. Some stayed to put the house in order and to put away the food. They offered to help me with restoring the bedroom to its former appearance—nothing had yet been touched—but I wanted to leave it as it was for a while. I wasn't ready just yet to let go.

I sat in the living room and sipped a glass of champagne. I wasn't sad; I was a realist. Much of my grieving had already been done while Dennis lived. But every now and then I needed windshield wipers to clear my eyes, even though I knew this was coming. God, he was thirty years my senior! Barring an unforeseen event, there was no way this wasn't going to happen. So I preferred to look on the joyous side, the years of happiness. You can be sad about inevitability, but you can't let it get to you. It's the way of the world.

I walked into the bedroom and switched on the light. Even the IV was still standing there. The last time I helped him walk to the window, with the IV attached, he said he felt like Pinocchio on a string. He said he wanted to be a real boy, free to wander. Well, he was free.

I looked at the bed. Empty. The stereo's remote control lay unused by the bottle of pills. The room was the same as it had been except for the palpable sense of emptiness. I stared at the bed and almost willed Dennis to materialize the way we've all seen it done with special effects in the movies. Then my imagination and the liquor set the room in motion. Papers left the desk and began to swirl. Books went flying; the IV stand tipped over. My head was spinning and I felt a weakness that forced me to grab for support.

Just as quickly, my head cleared. Everything was as it had been. Nothing was disturbed. I set my glass down. I heard Dennis's voice in my head: "No more champagne for you tonight, my friend." I smiled; he was still looking out for me.

The receiver came on, its face panel lit in luminous blue. I startled. The CD player whirred into action. Callas's piercing voice launched into the room. My conditioned response kicked in big time and I shouted, "For God's sake, Dennis, turn that damned thing off!"

Silence.

"That's more like it," I said.

Then I stopped; the hairs on the back of my neck stood up. My flesh was alive with goosebumps as I realized what had happened.

At the foot of the hospital bed with my head bowed, my eyes shut tight and brimming with tears, I said aloud, "I'm so happy for you, Dennis. I'm so happy."

TECUMSEH, 60, 5'-10", and 195#, lives in San Antonio with his life partner, KOKOPELLI. He enjoys interesting men of all ages. He likes fitness, writing, nudism, and bread making. His e-mail address: ***TecumsehTX@aol.com***

LATIN 001

OSIBILI SI ERGO, FORTIBUSES IN ERO. NOBILI DEMIS TRUX: SEWATIS ENIM? COWSENDUX!

THANX, AND A TIP OF THE PADDY CAKE HAT TO MAINE JIM.

REACHING CRPI

From within the U.S. -
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(888) 227-2935 (TOLL FREE)

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(760) 868-0328

BACK TO BONZER* OZ

THIS YEAR WE'RE GOING TO DO A WHOLE LOT MORE THAN JUST HAVE A CONVENTION. WE'RE ALSO SHOOTING A DOCUMENTARY ABOUT THE EVENT FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF OUR VERY OWN FREDDY GATOR. YOU'RE WELCOME TO JOIN US AT ANY POINT IN THE FOLLOWING ITINERARY.

February 19, 1998: Arrive Sydney a.m. - Check into the Millennium Sydney Hotel (called Hyatt Regency Sydney until October 1, 1997) - Pre-Convention Hospitality in CRPI Rooms (BYOB)

February 20, 1998: Simba Mardi Gras Convention - reception, dinner and apre events. In the a.m., perhaps ferry to Manly Beach, or check out Oxford Street, or have lunch in Chinatown, or tour the Opera House.

February 21, 1998: Second day of convention - reception, dinner and apre events. In the a.m., perhaps check out Bondi Beach, or visit Taronga Zoo, or take the monorail to Darling Harbour, or go to the top of the Sydney Tower.

February 22, 1998: Final day of convention - breakfast and farewells. Take off for other destinations in Australia or stay and see more of Sydney and environs.

February 22, 1998: Follow Freddy and company up the coast with a video camera in search of just the right nude beach and scenery. Will we caravan in rented vans or hire a tour bus? Won't know until we determine how many will want to go along. Will advise in CR #81. Tentative plans include motoring to Nelson Bay (north of Newcastle), then into the bush, then on to the rain forest at Barrington Tops National Park. Three to five nights. Interested?

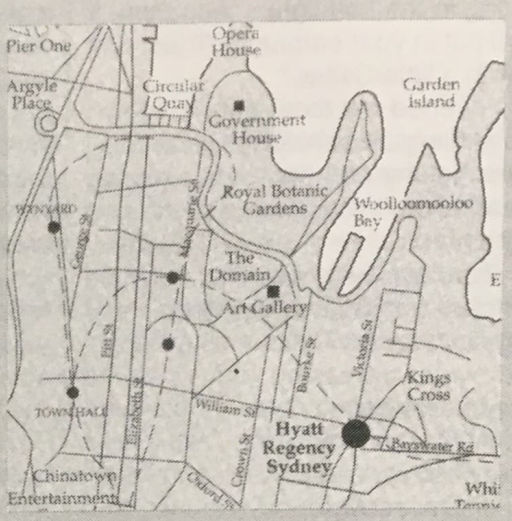
February 27, 1998: CR gang returns to Sydney, checks back into Millennium Sydney Hotel. No-host cocktail party.

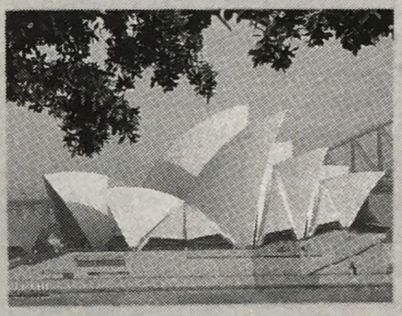
February 28, 1998: Mardi Gras Parade. Ask your travel agent to get you grandstand seats or party tickets.

March 1,2, 1998: Freddy and entourage travel from Sydney to Nadi, Fiji. Check into Sheraton Fiji Resort, Nadi.

March 3, 1998: Looking for just the right beach, snorkeling, swimming, island hopping, sight-seeing in Nadi or Suva.

March 4, 1998: Travel from Fiji to home.





* *Strine* word for great or terrific.

VIDEO REVIEWS

by mark blue

BEARSERK—THE MOTORWERKS
Offworld Video, P.O. Box 192092, San Francisco, CA 94119-2092 - $39.95 + $3.50 s/h + CA Sales Tax (if appl)

Offworld Video's first release is called *BEARSERK—The Motorwerks* and it is, indeed, on the verge of being an uncontrolled orgy on tape. The performers are Chris Tomm, Clint Stahl, Chuck Costa and Jay Behr, and in the spirit of the company's non-agist philosophy, the film features men from thirty to sixty years of age. All of them are good-looking, in an offbeat sort of way, and their endowments range from so-so to *magnifico*. If truth be told, those who purchase this tape will go beyond endowment, and certainly should not expect much in the way of plot—although there is a shred of one. The play's the thing.

The energy between Chris and heavily-tattooed Jay (both of whom were in P.R. Simon's *Hard, Working Daddies* is particularly strong. Part of the action takes place in San Francisco's Motorwerks Bar and the rest in a leather playroom. Viewers should watch for the unusual use of a pinball machine!

The action crisscrosses among the participants until no appetite is left unsatisfied, and it is enhanced by unusual use of color. Indeed, the film has what the younger set calls "garage" quality. Elegance is replaced by pure, steamy male sex, with almost no holds barred.

Offworld has reduced this tape's price from $69.95 to $39.95 (+$3.50 s/h and CA tax if applicable). The address is P.O. Box 192092, San Francisco, CA 94119-2092. The company promises a tape of solos, among which is featured Etienne Espinet of the San Francisco Safe Sex film fest. It is due in August 1997, and will also be $39.95, etc. If BEARSERK is an example, their new film should be a winner as well.

MARK BLUE is the nom de plume for a prominent author and educator living in the San Francisco Bay Area

For those of you who are anxiously awaiting the release of Jike Monsoon's DIGITAL FANTASY, we understand that the production and other problems have been ironed out and the video will be available for distribution toward the end of August. We understand that it will be well worth the wait.

Available from Jike Monsoon Productions, 2554 Lincoln Blvd., Suite 301, Venice, CA 90291-5082. Price: $68.95 + $5 s/h + CA Sales Tax (if applicable). Offer void in AL, AR, FL, GA, MS, NE, NC, PR, SC, TN, TX, UT and USVI. Exceptions for CR VIPs.

by most happy fella

DAYS OF MY LIFE
Maximum Density Productions,3020 Bridgeway, Suite #184, Sausalito, CA 94965 - (415) 339-8816 - $49.95 + $4 s/h

For this video, light a few scented candles, pour a glass of chilled white wine, dim the lights, and drape a crisp linen napkin across your bare middle. This is ART. High class stuff. We are welcomed into the fantasy by a gorgeous youngster out of a slick porn magazine to a set of shaved balls that are close to perfect. He is our host throughout. His first fantasy is of two big bearded young Romans in togas. The top man exudes controlled masculine power. He is helped along by the low insistent beat of the music and of one the biggest, fattest dongs in the chubby video business.

The second segment might better be accompanied by a cup of hot saki, because the scene is in a Japanese room on a futon with a rice paper screen back drop. New age music plays quietly with guitar carrying the melody. This is class! The actors move as formally as a Noh drama. The pace is set by a big, trim, bearded bear with a large, lovely equipment between his legs. When the big guy mounts the thin young fellow, the camera pans around, giving views of his jiggling tummy and pounding buttocks. The producer should give the cameraman a bonus for this scene. He never hurries us through. Close-ups are timed well, with a long, lingering rear end view leading to the cum scene.

One wonders why an S & M bondage segment was included in this art-type video. Must have something to do with marketing. However, this is "soft" S & M. No blood, no real pain. There are some interesting scenes with a cigar: smoke lingering in the slave's chest hair. Use your imagination as to what is done with both ends of the cigar. The final scene piqued my interest. The slave is on his knees with his hands cuffed behind. He opens the master's fly with his mouth. SHAZAM! A beautiful uncut cock springs out. With mouth agape like a hungry chick, he is fed by his master.

S & M scenes make me root for the underdog. In this part the slave doesn't get off. Later, in the orgy scene, the slave is satisfied. I wanted to stand and cheer for the big, submissive slave when he gets his.

I must say something about the music. "I must go through hell to get to heaven," is sung over and over. An apt theme for this segment.

MOST HAPPY FELLA is a handsome, stocky, white-haired hunk living in the wilds of the Sierras.

ORIGINAL PRIME TIMERS WORLDWIDE

THE ORGANIZATION

The purpose of Prime Timers is to provide mature gay and bisexual men and their admirers with opportunities to come together in a supportive atmosphere to enjoy social, educational, and recreational activites.

Prime Timers are older gay or bisexual men and those younger men who admire mature men. Our members are men who choose to have their social lives enriched by the diverse activities in which our members engage. No single definition can describe Prime Timers, as they come from all walks of life. Prime Timers involve themselve in their community with volunteerism, politics, gay issues, arts, entertainment, and every other facet of healthy living. Prime Timers are fathers and care givers. They are businessmen and entrepreneurs. They are workers and they are retired. Some are always on the go, and some enjoy the opportunities and friendships that develop with other Prime Timers throughtout the world.

Original Prime Timers Worldwide provides a "Start Up" packet for those individuals interested in forming a chapter in their city. The packet contains all the necessary information to assist you in forming a chapter, and we are here to help with any questions you may have. To request a "Start Up" packet contact Bill B., Vice President, Chapters, 300 Britain Circle, Irving, Texas 75062, or Email britain@why.net For those individuals who do not live close to a metropolitan area where a chapter may be located, you may join Prime Timers Worldwide as an independent (non-chapter) member. For information contact W.B. at P.O. Box 436, Manchaca, TX 78652.

photoman

LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD TO WOODY BALDWIN AND SEAN O'NEILL

During the Sunday night banquet at the CR GATHERING in Orlando, Prime Timers beloved founders were presented a lifetime achievement award for their profound contributions to older gay men across the U.S. and the world.

Prime Timer BICOASTAL BUBBA took the podium to present the award honoring Woody and Sean. The couple founded Prime Timers in Boston in 1987, but had no idea that the concept would thrive and expand to become the major international organization.

THE PRIME TIMERS MARDI GRAS

For those of you who are interested in Prime Timers Mardi Gras in New Orleans on February 20 through 25, 1998, make your plans now. You may make your hotel reservations at the Hotel St. Pierre on Burgundy Stret by calling direct (800) 225-4040 and identify yourself as a Prime Timer or friend of Prime timers. The St. Pierre will be the place to be during Mardi Gras. For additional information contact Bill B., 300 Britain Circle, Irving, TX 75062 (britain@why.net)

PRIME TIMERS LABOR DAY GATAWAY

Prime Timers Labor Day Getaway at the Habana Inn in Oklahoma City is coming up soon. For those interested in a Prime Timers annual event which proves to be an exciting weekend in the southwest, call the hotel direct at (800) 988-2221. Room rates are $44.95, $46.95, and $50.95. Contact via Email: wesomer@gorilla.net for additional information.

ORIGINAL PRIME TIMERS WORLDWIDE CONVENTION PALM SPRINGS 10/31/97 - 11/2/97

The 1997 convention is being hosted by the largest chapter, PRIME TIMERS OF THE DESERT. Place: The Marquis Hotel. Events include daily hospitaly; a group ride with luncheon on the Aerial Tramway; a Jeep desert safari; a Halloween cocktail party/buffet and later bar hopping in costume; a tour of the stars of yesteryear; a tour of The Living Desert; a Dinner Show featuring entertainment by Michael Greer, Anita Maltin, and Wayne Moore; and a farewell luncheon with fashion show.

Send $135 for all events or contact Prime Timers of the Desert for individual event pricing at P.O. Box 3061, Palm Springs, CA 92263-3061.

ESCAPE
TO THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HIGH DESERT

Looking for a Corporate Retreat?

Need a Church Camp?

How about a Weekend Getaway?

**This 5-Acre Estate with 3800 square feet main residence is PERFECT!
Only 90 minutes from Los Angeles,
20 minutes to Ski Resorts and
just 3 hours to Las Vegas**

$299,000

**Presented exclusively by Michelle Tully of Century 21 Desert Rock
760-868-2100**

ATTENTION FATHERS AND SONS:

My name is Gordon S. I am a gay man in an intergenerational relationship. I am in the midst of a long-term, self-directed, research project/process dedicated to exploring the phenomenon of younger/older gay male relationships.

My career work is as a teacher in the field of spirituality. My background and education is in spirituality, philosophy, religious studies, the arts, body/mind sciences, and "men's" work.

I need your help!

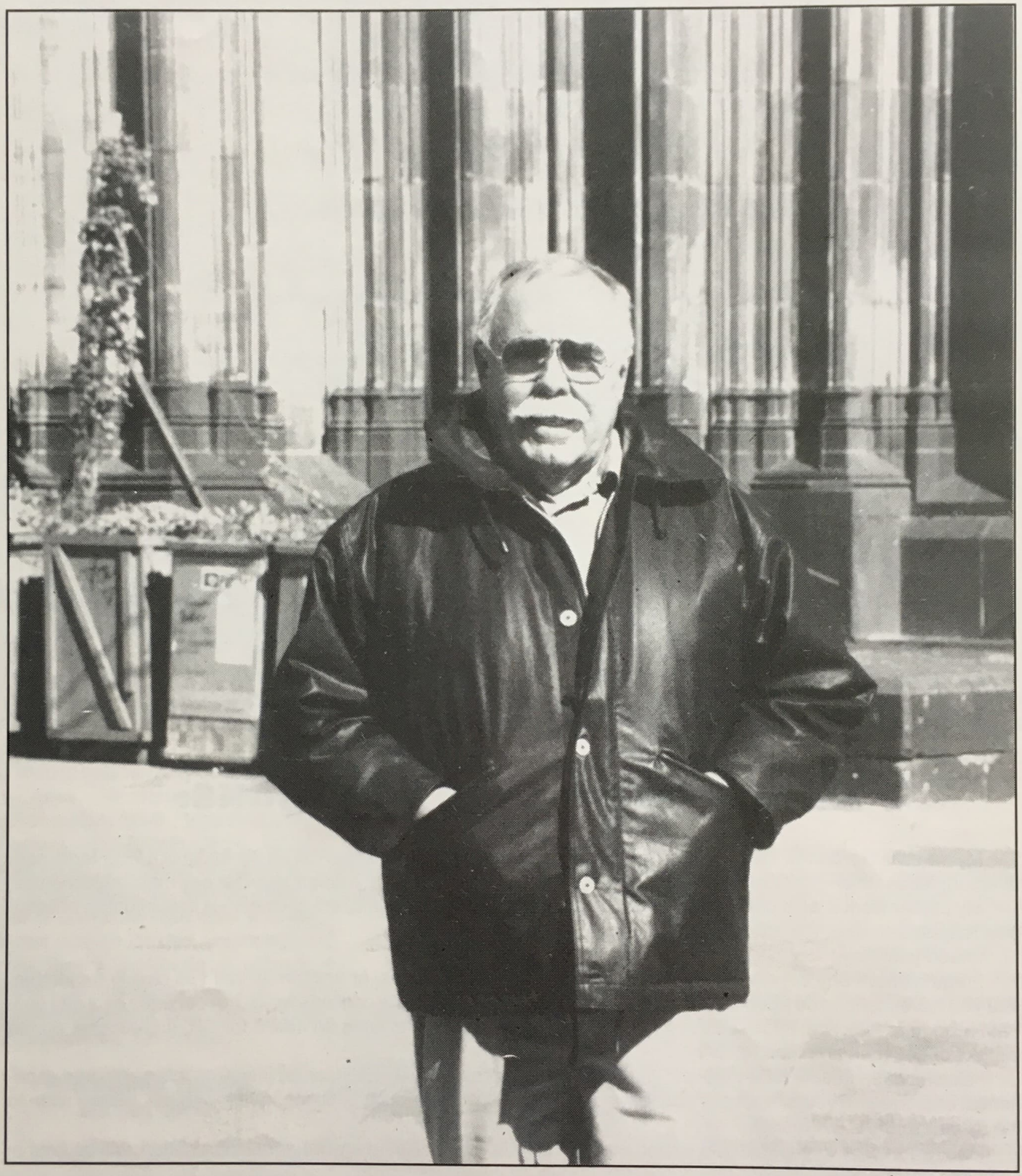
I request from any CR reader and beyond, any stories, experiences, or anecdotes that you clearly remember, that you have found to be educational or valuable in some way in your life concerning your experience as a gay son. With a body of historical information from a variety of sources I plan to write an article for CR, if approved, on the subject of gay men and their fathers.

I also have an outline for a weekend workshop on intergenerational relationships involving fellowship and experiential exercises. If you or anybody you know is interested in participating or collaborating with me, please write to me as you would a CR model.

Finally, I pledge to you that any written material sent to me, including any personal information, will be kept in complete confidence.

Write to: **GORDON S.**

ARNO



humphrey

CR WORLDWIDE DISTRIBUTION

We get hundreds of calls a month asking where CR is sold. Stores sell out and some managers can't take the time to search for a wholesaler that handles us. This list was designed to help you and your friendly mag buyer, who may call us at (888) 227-2935.

BOOK STORES

BRITISH COLUMBIA
- Little Sister's Books, Vancouver

CALIFORNIA
- A Different Light, San Francisco
- A Different Light, West Hollywood
- Circus of Books, West Hollywood
- French Quarter, West Hollywood
- Leather Masters, San Jose

COLORADO
- Category Six, Denver

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
- Lambda Rising, Washington

FLORIDA
- Affinity Books, St. Petersburg
- M.C. Film Festival, Tampa
- Out & About, Orlando
- Rainbow City, Orlando

GEORGIA
- Metro News, Atlanta

GERMANY
- Oscar Wilde, Frankfurt
- Prinz Eisenherz Buchladen, Berlin

HAWAII
- C 'n' N Mini-Mart and Liquors, Aiea

ILLINOIS
- People Like Us, Chicago
- Unabridged, Chicago

MASSACHUSETTS
- Glad Day, Boston

MICHIGAN
- Chosen Books, Royal Oaks
- Platinum Paradise, Durand
- Sons & Daughters, Grand Rapids

MINNESOTA
- A Brother's Touch, Minneapolis
- Shinders Readmore, Minneapolis

MISSOURI
- Larry's Gifts, Kansas City
- Ray's Play Pen, Kansas City

NEW YORK
- A Different Light, New York
- Rochester Cus. Leather, Rochester

OHIO
- Body Language, Cleveland
- Pink Pyramid, Cincinnati

OKLAHOMA
- Jungle Red, Oklahoma City

OREGON
- Fourth Ave. Smoke Shop, Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
- Afterwords, Philadelphia
- Book Stall, Pittsburgh
- Giovanni's Room, Philadelphia

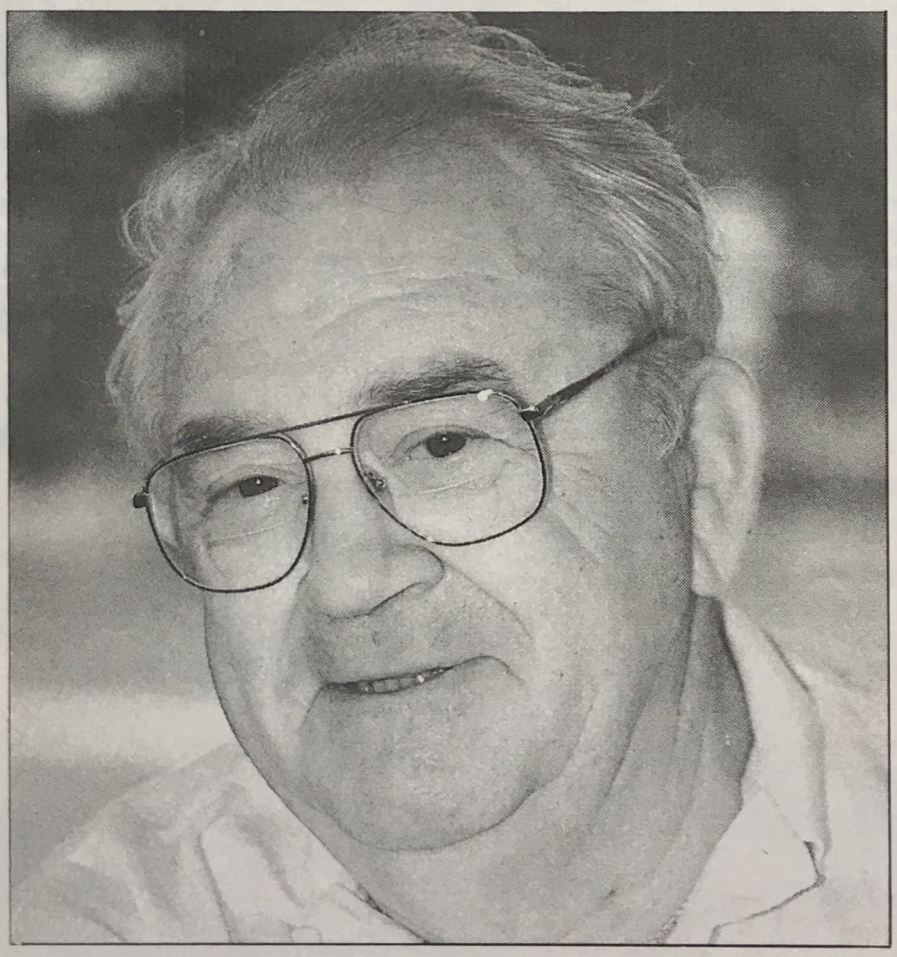
TEXAS
- Alternatives, Dallas
- Crossroads Market, Houston
- Crossroads Market, Dallas
- Lobo, Houston
- Lobo, Austin

VIRGINIA
- Phoenix Rising, Norfolk

Major wholesalers who distribute CR to smaller book stores and newsstands are located in the following cities and may be contacted through CR's distributor in New York. Have your book store call CRPI for referral.

- Albuquerque
- Atlanta
- Baltimore (2)
- Berlin
- Chicago
- Cleveland
- Columbia (SC)
- Indianapolis
- Los Angeles (4)
- Montreal
- Miami
- New York (3)
- Phoenix
- Sacramento
- St. Louis
- San Francisco
- Seattle
- Sydney
- Tokyo
- Toronto
- Tucson
- Vancouver

J. DON



PHOTOMAN

APOLLO NETWORK

http://www.apollonetwork.com

a place in cyberspace for "seasoned" men and those who love and appreciate them!

Who is an Apollo Man?

Apollo Man, as opposed to men of other life styles, is impossible to define in one word. He is first and foremost a man who likes manly men. He is success oriented. He does not waste time on trendy living. Bars are not his weakness. He is more likely to program computers than arrange flowers. His theater of operation is more often a hospital than the state. He would not be caught dead in drag or date someone in a dress, male or female. Bottom line: he likes other masculine men—the company of other men, the merriment of other men, the jokes of other men, the work of other men, even the smell of other men, and, of course, the bed of other men.

Apollo Man does not mind breaking with the traditions of the group that society has cast him in. He delights in breaking the rules—even those from within his own group. He is, first, last, and always, his own man. But he is also a man who wants and realizes the advantages of bonding with another man who shares his dreams.

Apollo Man enjoys most the company of men who have honor and respect for the natural process of growing old. He knows that only in growing old is there growth of maturity and inner beauty in himself. This alone sets him apart from both heterosexual and homosexual society which worship youth and fear old age.

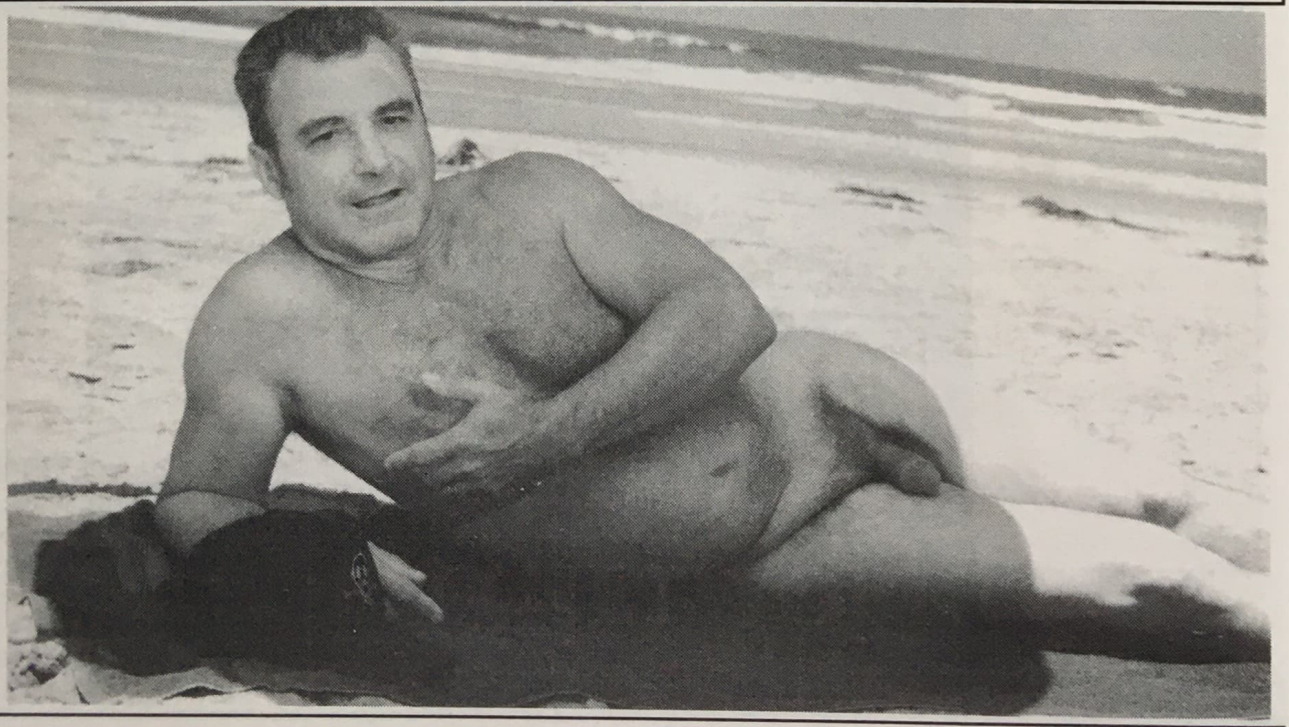
The process that gave us life also slowly takes it back, and it is done so in an orderly and reasonable fashion. Those men who appreciate and flow with the work of nature are naturally inclined to love men of all ages and appreciate men for whatever life stage (age) they are in. Apollo Men do not fear or despise growing old. Rather, they honor age as a sign of distinction. Consequently, Apollo Men are often attracted to each other across the traditional age barriers. Older men and younger men join in union, each helping and supplying the other with the gifts that each uniquely holds.

The name we chose, "Apollo,"is the name of the sun, the star of our solar system, the supreme male symbol, and the giver of life for us all. We came from the sun, and one day the sun will reach out and pull us back into its massive body.

Who is an Apollo Man? If what is said above describes how you feel about life and men, then YOU are an Apollo Man. Come join us as we explore ourselves on the Men of Apollo Network.

OFFICIAL HOME OF CHIRON RISING ONLINE
http://www.ApolloNetwork.com/chiron/

B.K.



MACRO

BITS AND PIECES

CR MODEL/FRIEND LAYTON HOUSE

We received word that model LAYTON HOUSE (CR#78, page 27) died due to complications from pneumonia on May 24, 1997, in Vancouver, Washington. His real name was Joe Hommel, and he had recently gone into remission for bone cancer after meeting a wonderful young man who came into his life. They had lived together only six months and had not been able to complete revised wills and other legal necessities that couples should implement. The young man had just graduated from college the week before Joe's death and was looking forward to the joy of his first relationship with another man. He is currently receiving support from the Order of the Silver Simba, as well as from Joe's friends.

MAILING LIST CHANGED

The Silverfox Mailing List, formerly known as the Friends of CR Mailing List, is available for new members. It is an internet mailing list for mature men and their admirers. To join the list, send an e-mail message to

majordomo@casticom

with "subscribe Silverfox" in the body of the message. That's all you need to join over 600 other members all over the world!

LOST RING

Except for a watch bezel, everything lost and found in Orlando was claimed. However, we still have an unclaimed ring from the 1996 Gathering in San Diego. Inscribed inside is "Fred Guerro." Accurately describe the ring and it's yours.

ANOTHER MASTURBATION WEBSITE

This site features a preview of an upcoming book on masturbatory experiences. It's also full of stories concerning all aspects of solo sex.

http://www.zoom.com/personal/mword

OUR E-MAIL ADDRESS

Our divorce from AOL was cancelled, and our marriage to Qnet was annulled. Turns out that AOL isn't nearly as bad as some of the other providers out there. Our E-mail address has therefore reverted back to:

CRPI@aol.com

SIMBA MARDI GRAS IN SYDNEY

In order to take advantage of a steal on airfare to Australia, Bruce and I have already purchased tickets. And since the offer included a stop on the way back, we decided that R & R in Fiji would be just dandy. If you would like to join us for part or all of the trip, see the article in this issue for more information.

Even if you doubt you can afford to go, see your travel agent and do everything you can do to join us. No vacation you've ever taken can match this one. Just think: spending a couple of weeks with some of the greatest men in the world while seeing such places as Sydney; the northern NSW coast; a real rain forest with exotic birds, rare plants, kangaroos, wombats, koalas, and God knows what else; the world-famous Gay & Lesbian Mardi Gras in Sydney; and the tropical paradise of Fiji.

DOWN UNDER DOCUMENTARY SHOOT

In addition to the convention in Sydney, we'll also be videotaping footage for an R-rated documentary starring FREDDY GATOR. We haven't decided upon a title yet, but we've done a lot of homework on the venture. It will be bawdy, outrageous, hilarious, and a lot of fun. All those delegates who sign image releases will be issued special badges. Those not wearing the special badges will be cut out of the commercial release.

GATHERING VOLUNTEERS

We are currently seeking the following volunteers for San Diego in 1998:

A. Hosts - Registration, Main Event, Workshop, Cabaret , Tiki Hut, and D.J. Dancing hosts are again needed to help us run the convention smoothly. Models, stockholders, and VIP subscribers are especially welcome. Write to CRPI to volunteer.

B. Cabaret Entertainers - Veterans of the Follies shows, as well as talented newcomers, are needed for our nightly cabaret theater. Contact Jazzy Jimmy c/o CR, or E-mail: JazzyJimmy@aol.com

C. Recital Entertainers - Classical vocalists/instrumentalists are needed for the recital series. Jim Edmonds will offer his services as accompanist. Looking for string, woodwind, brass and keyboard players for solo, duet, trio and quartet performances. Contact: Jim Edmonds, Box 249, Cheney, WA 99004. Performance tape would be appreciated.

D. Security Volunteers - Will work under supervision of those CRPI staff security personnel who are active or retired law enforcement officers. Must have had some experience in crowd control and/or security (bouncers, security officers, private investigators, etc).

OUR NEW TOLL-FREE NUMBER FOR VOICE, FAX AND VOICE MAIL

In case you missed seeing it elsewhere in this issue, it is

(888)227-2935

This new service comes to you with some limitations:

1. The number will not work from outside the U.S.

2. If you leave voice mail and want a returned call, you must state the nature of your call, or we will not return your call.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCKE:

Essay by JAY BEHR

A FEW WORDS ON LUST

There is nothing like a little filth to make one's day fly by. After a morning at the gym surreptitiously checking tits and ass while ostensibly working my biceps into mush, I drove home, all hot and sweaty, lathered into lust, and found my mailbox crammed with event: a lecherous letter from a lad who declares deep and smoldering interest; a notice that Safeway offers whole chickens at a ridiculously low price; the statement on my Mastercard; an envelope with "sexually explicit" written large upon it. Having saved the most immediately promising offer for last, I opened the "sexually explicit" envelope and beheld photos of several apparently healthy and luminous young men committing various unspeakably entertaining acts upon each other with expressions, alas, of bovine commitment. It was rather like a present from one's beloved Auntie Jessie who thinks that malted milk balls are a perfectly adequate present for her best-loved nephew.

I was in a state of decided excitement and eager for visual stimulus and a little vaseline. Alas! I gnashed my teeth in despair. There is nothing more disappointing than receiving an advertisement promising unspeakable decadence and then discovering that the participants in the purchase are considerably less appealing than a nest of baby mice. The event emphasized a truth increasingly apparent: from the evidence of most sexual advertising, most Americans worship the puerile. Putting it bluntly, it would appear that the sexual mafia wants us to fuck Bambi.

I am not incapable of appreciating the young. I have encountered some demi-gots in my time, exceptional in both form and intellect (as a matter of fact I have been bonking a neighborly young Turk of great charm whenever we are mutually agreeable), but the concept of watching bland young men, who have disfigured themselves by shaving their balls and body hair, engaged in acrobatic couplings for an hour or so, curdles my blood.

If I am to have my gonads tweaked and my fantasies evoked, it must be by men who are both aware of their manliness and of their lust for sexual combat. The average porn star seems to me as sexually arousing as an Aubrey Beardsley drawing. The common fetish for depilatory and, I suppose, deodorant and cologne, create a herd of creatures who look as if they would neither smell nor taste at all appetizing, and whose concept of self-promotion, lying largely in languorous posture and revealing clothing, is hardly worth one's attention.

For that reason, I threw away the flyer, and posthaste went down to the neighborhood porn store for a glimpse of Richard Locke. One would be forced to admit that Mr. Locke could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered to possess an impressive physique; nevertheless, even an out-of-focus photograph of the man emanates pheromones to which I am a helpless insect, zooming head-on into the incinerator of desire.

Mr. Locke radiates self-assurance. One suspects that he is not always a gentle man, yet he sucks cock gently and with devotion. He obviously relishes what is plunging into this throat through his scruffy beard and moustache. His red, red lips are a firm scabbard for this thick-veined arrow of the gods. He also allows himself to be fucked, back arched in pleasure, yet one senses that always he retains a portion of himself that the camera is not allowed to reveal. It makes me wish that he were before me so I could twang him into yelps of mindless delight. He caresses himself and, even as I drool, I wonder what he is thinking. His image shines forth in the service of mystery. He captures my thoughts even as he captures my glands.

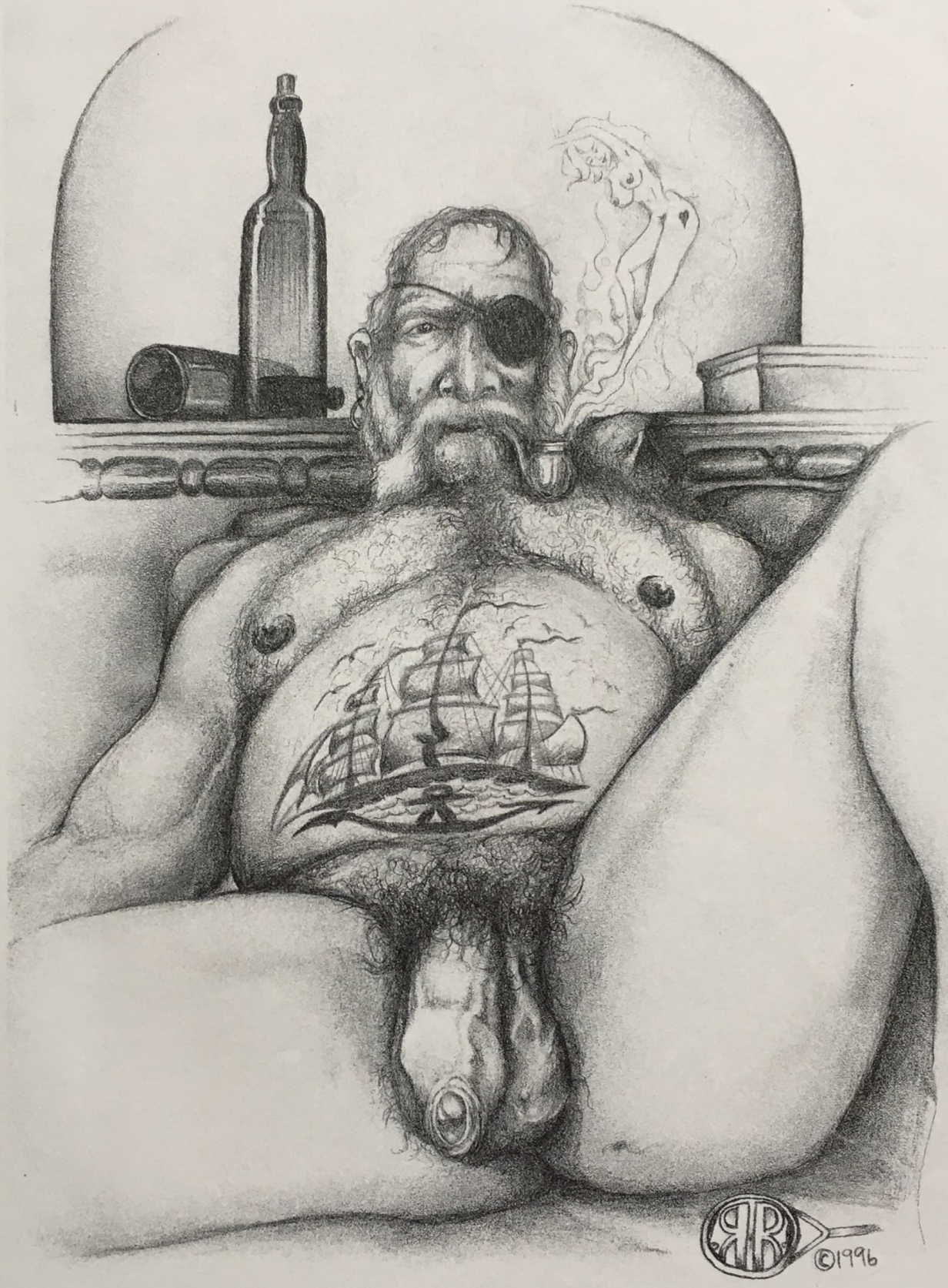
My reaction reminds me that there are certain requirements for the thinking man's sexual idol. In person, he must have enough sensibility to avoid spilling a good cocktail on the parquet and the capacity for avoiding the first person singular for minutes on end. Even as an icon, he must not appear too breakable; men are often clumsy creatures. He also must not appear unappreciative of his own capacity to comfort himself. The scent of the armpit, the slightly unwashed scrotum, the taste of salt upon forhead and flank is only the beginning of the cataloguq of physikcal virtues which the unabashed sexualist can appreciate. And in pornography particularly, behind the aura of ennui there must be the spark of hope: as Miss Minelli sings, "Maybe this time I'll be lucky." Good porn is McLuhanesque; it involved the observer and it involves more than a handjob. Kenneth Clarke, the noted art critic, pronounced that the classic nude always hints of the erotic; I add that there is not true eroticism without a hint of romance.

Of course, living as I do in San Francisco, a city of captivating strangers, this critique is largely academic. Life being what it is, one can manage a roll in the hay just as often as one can get it up and get it on. Maybe there are those for whom it is seven days a week, but they are probably the possessors of private offices, discreet secretaries and heroic office boys. They also, doubtless, have real yardarms below which the sun can sink.

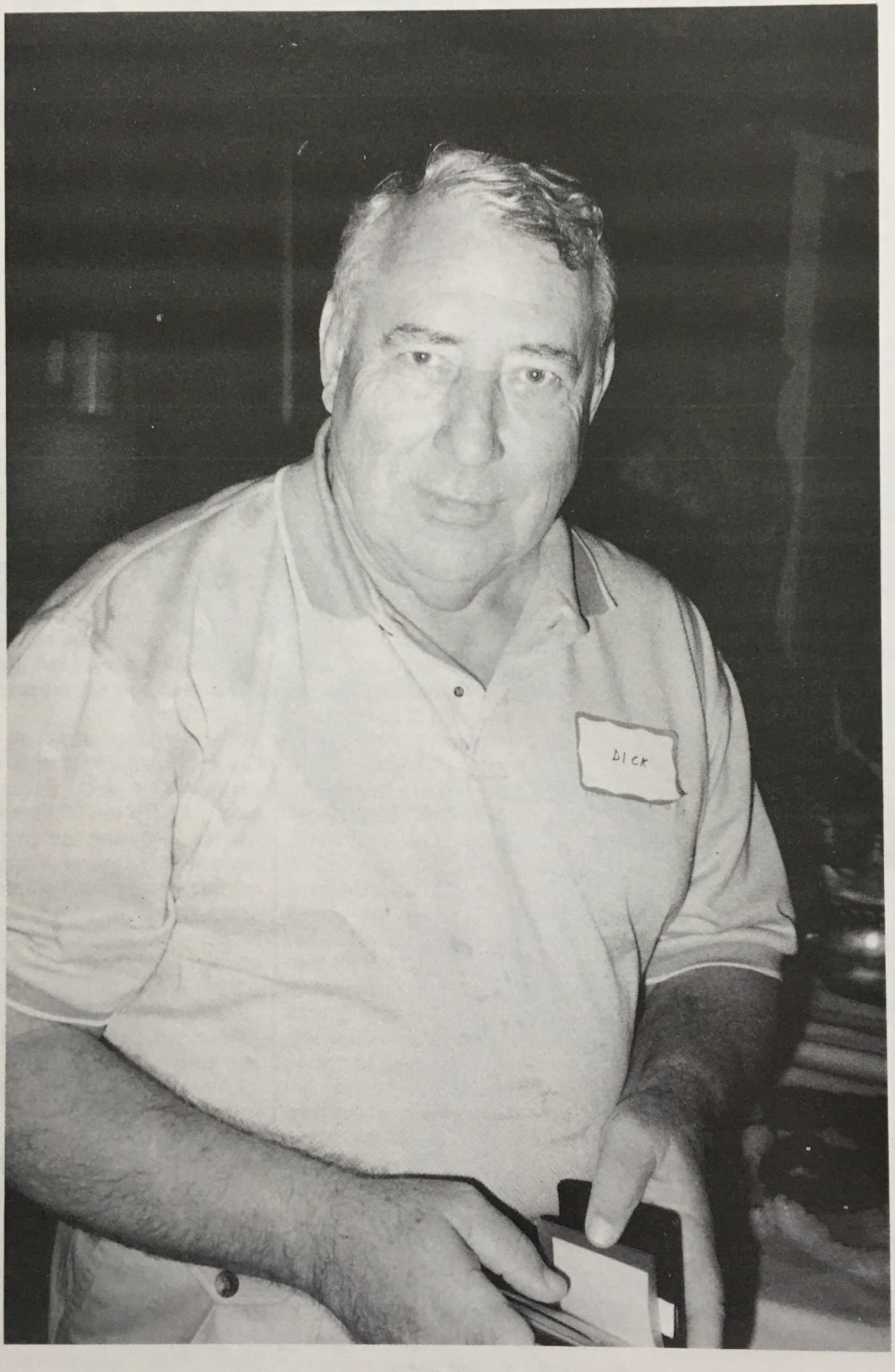
Still, under my circumstance of blessed middle age, I think of a tape of Mr. Locke as an hors d'oeuvre before the real thing comes along; sadly enough, I think of the buffed and gleaming Jeffs, Ryans, Chads and Zacks in their tastefully displayed tumescence not at all.

Born in the dustbowl of Oklahoma, JAY BEHR was educated at the University of Chicago, Colorado State University, and San Francisco State University. He's made some porn films and taught high school, and his collected poems FRAMES PER SECOND has been recently published. He lives in San Francisco and Palm Springs.

THE ARTWORK OF RAY ROMERO



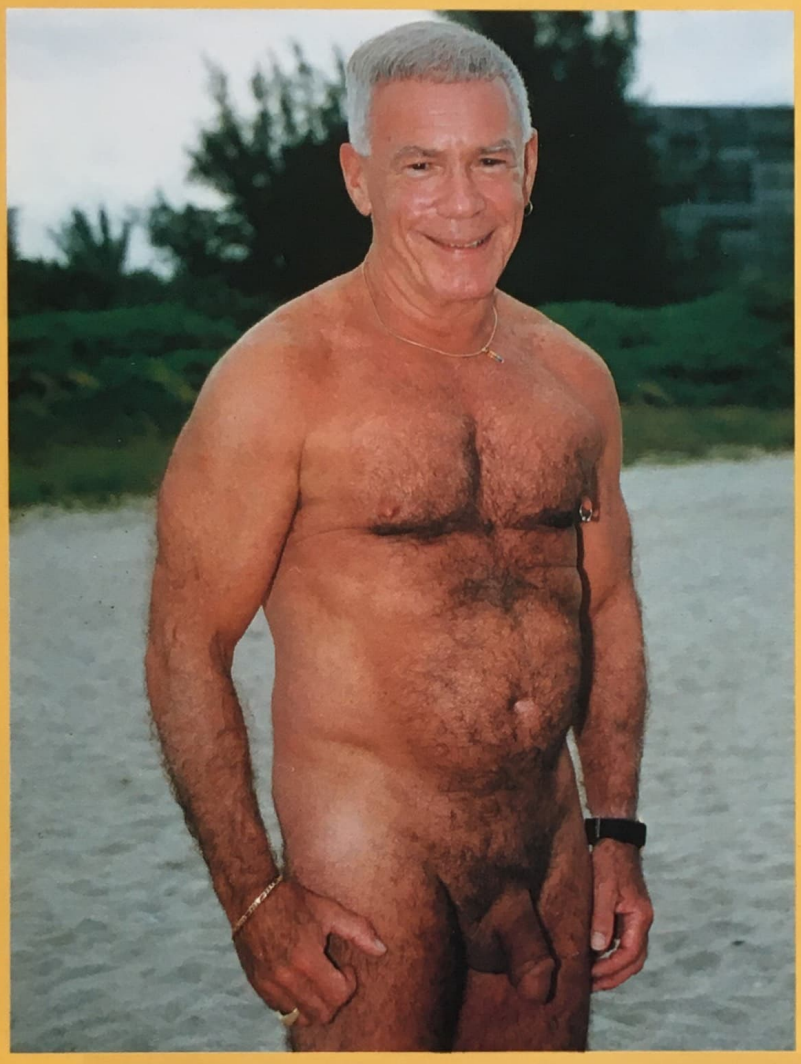
DON OSO



MIKE DEVEAU

at haulover beach with photoman

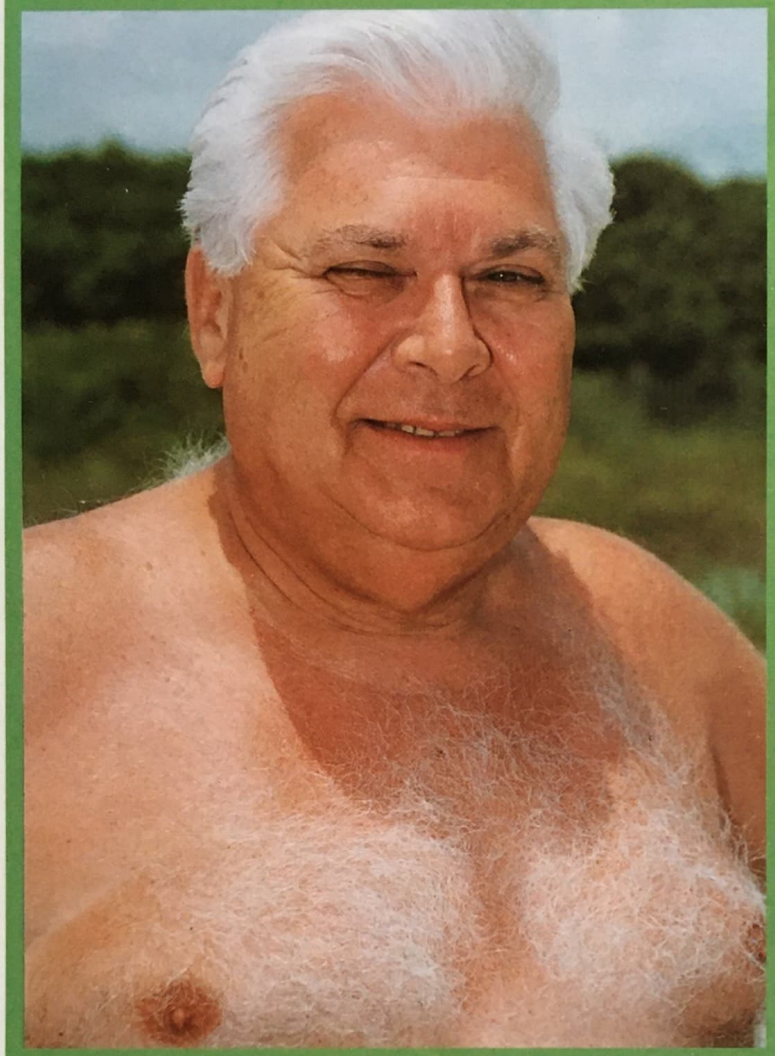
MARC MANN



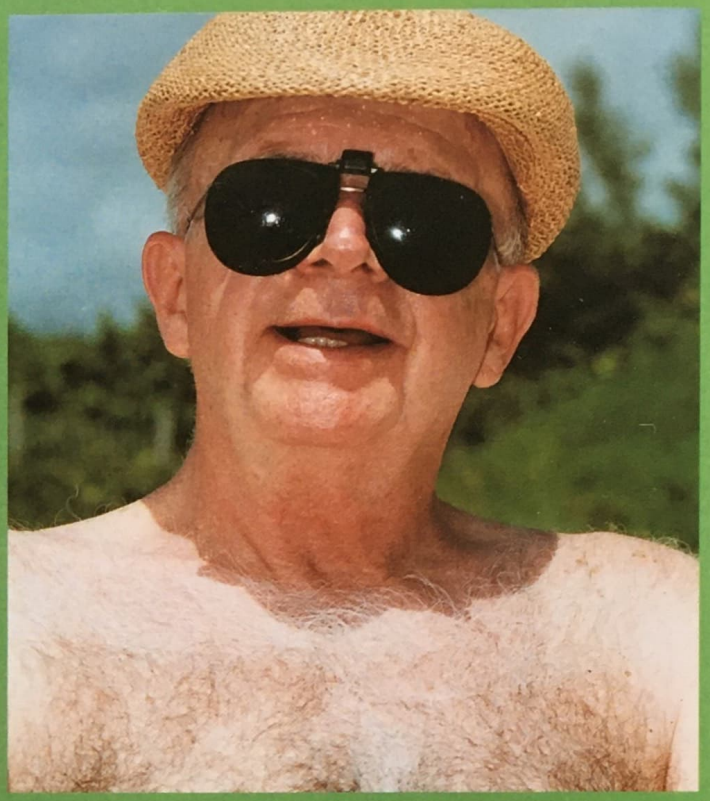
MR. MIKE

NICK - DAN BEAR - AL

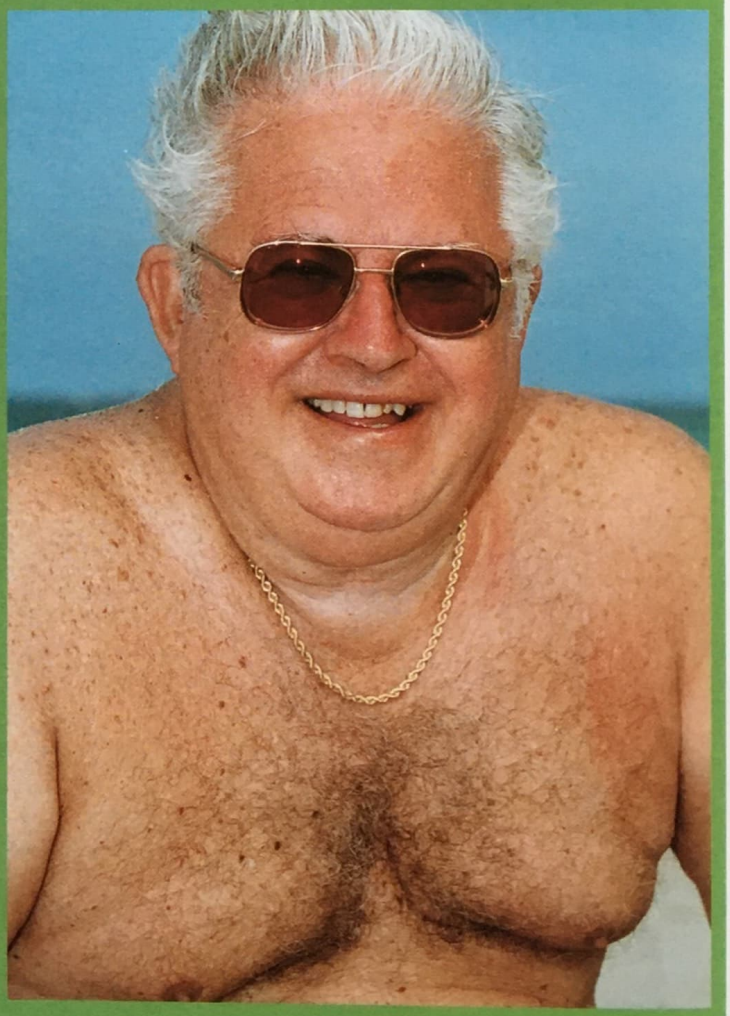
WARREN



NATHAN GREEN

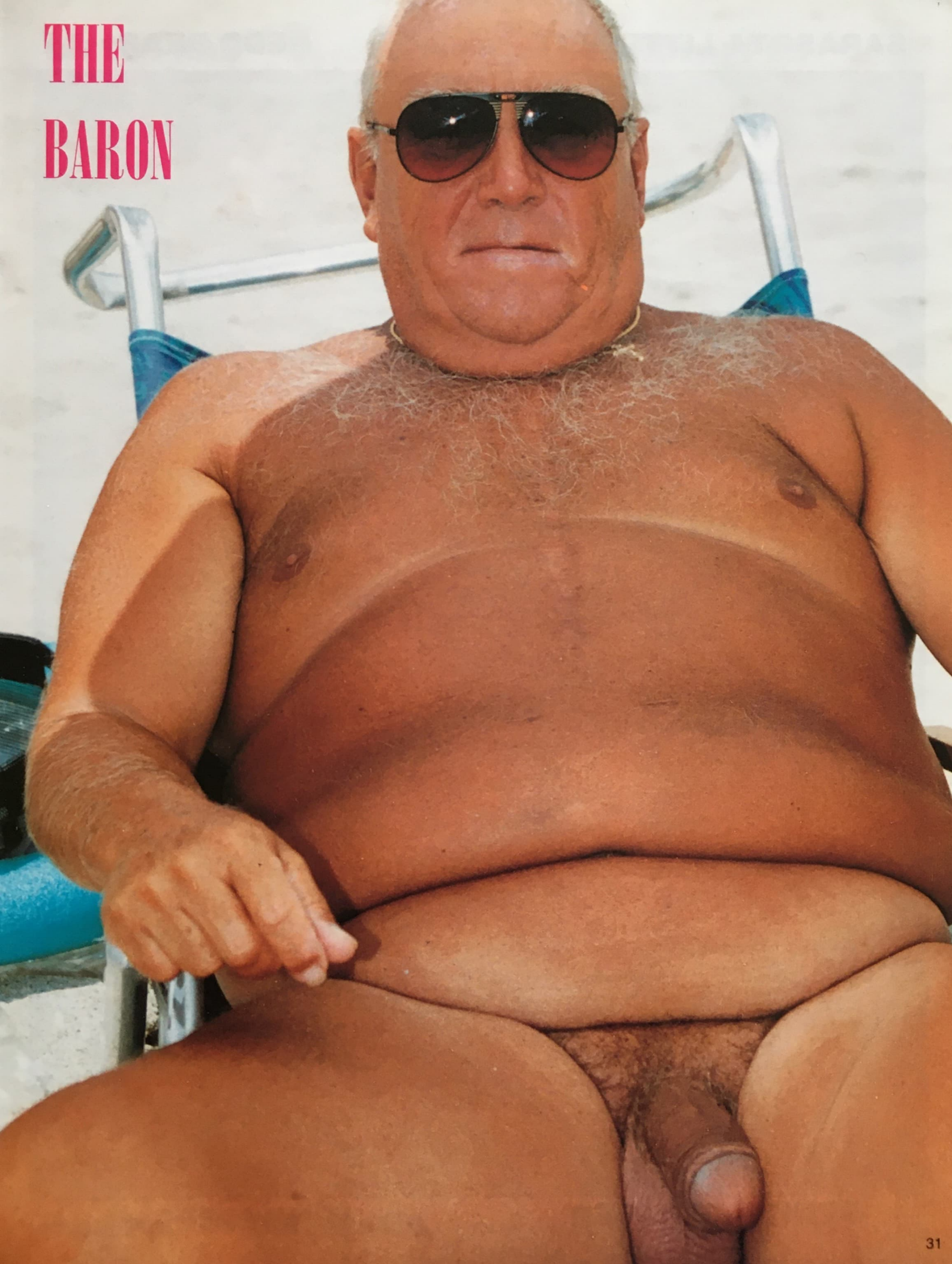


CHANUCK



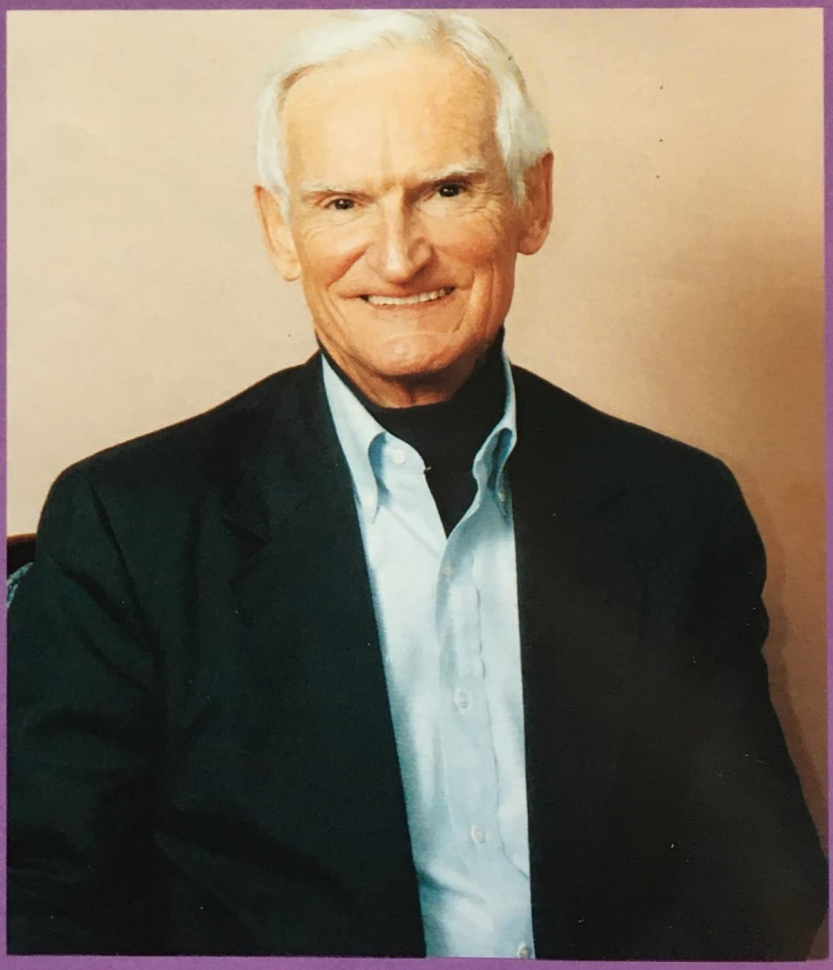
PETER OF SAN FRANCISCO

THE BARON



SARASOTA LITTLE BIT m. teresa

REDD BEAR g.l.l.

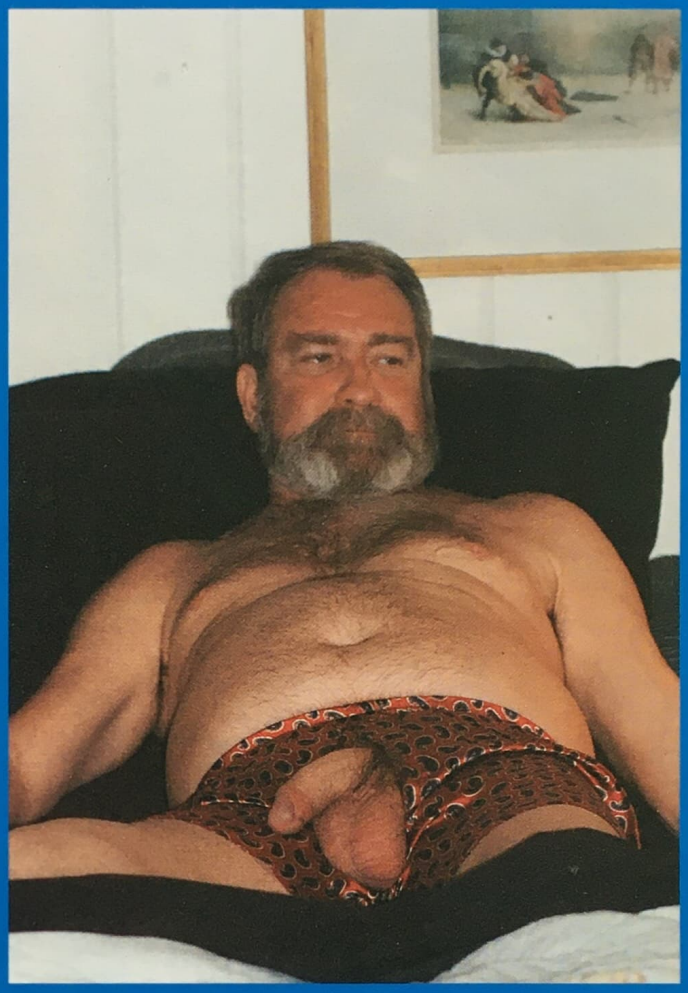


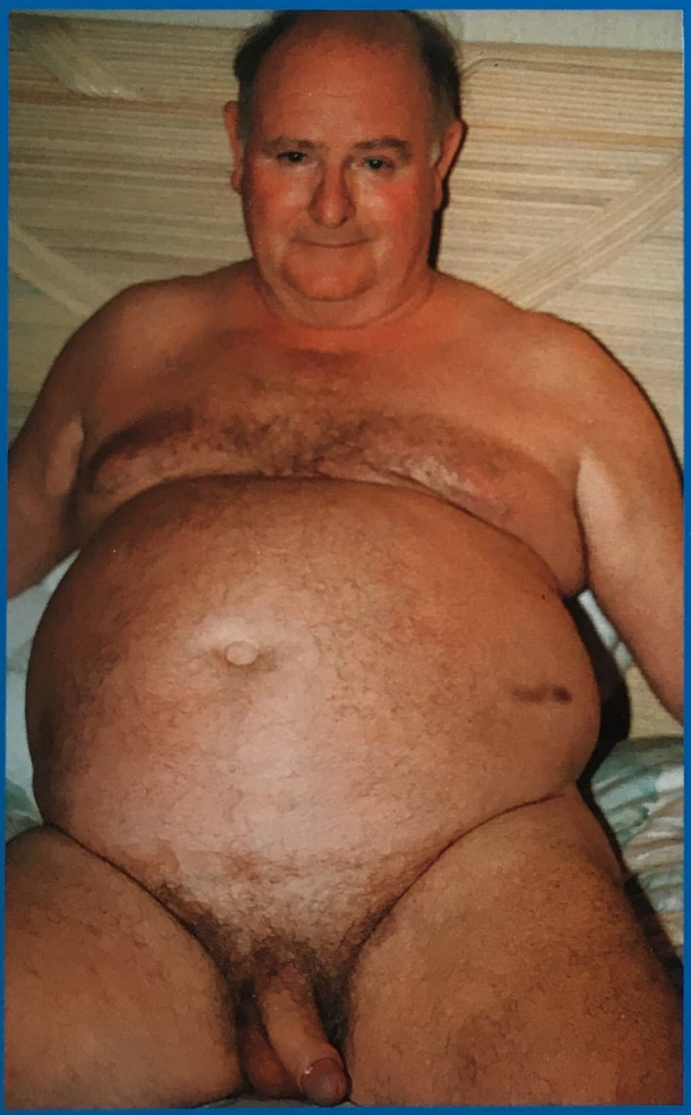
SENIOR PLEASER

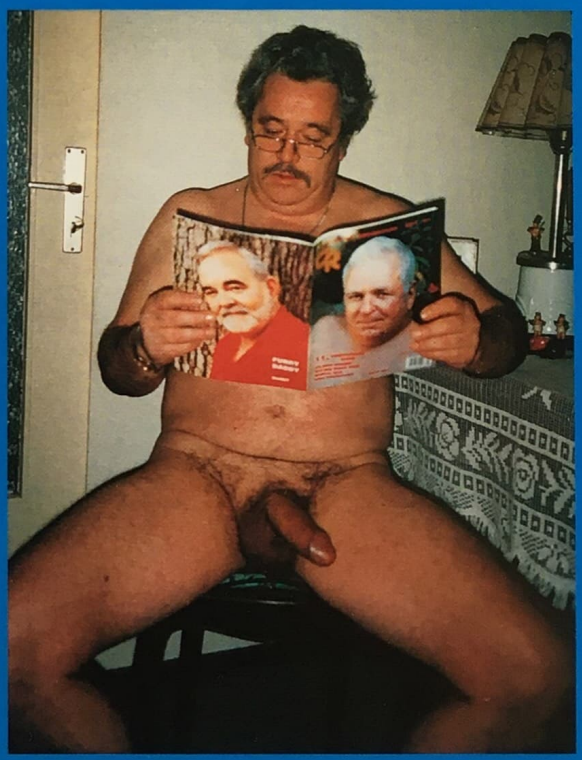
TENNESSEE macro

LITTLE RAB santa steve

SANDLAPPER len



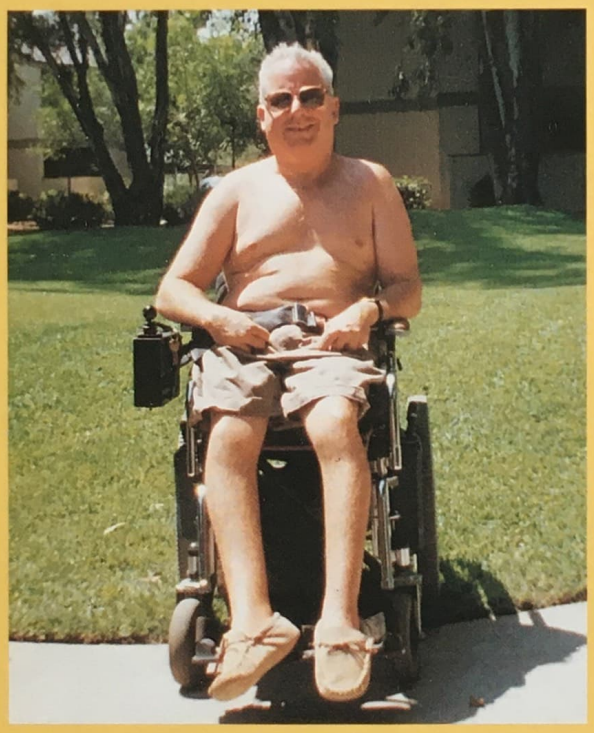


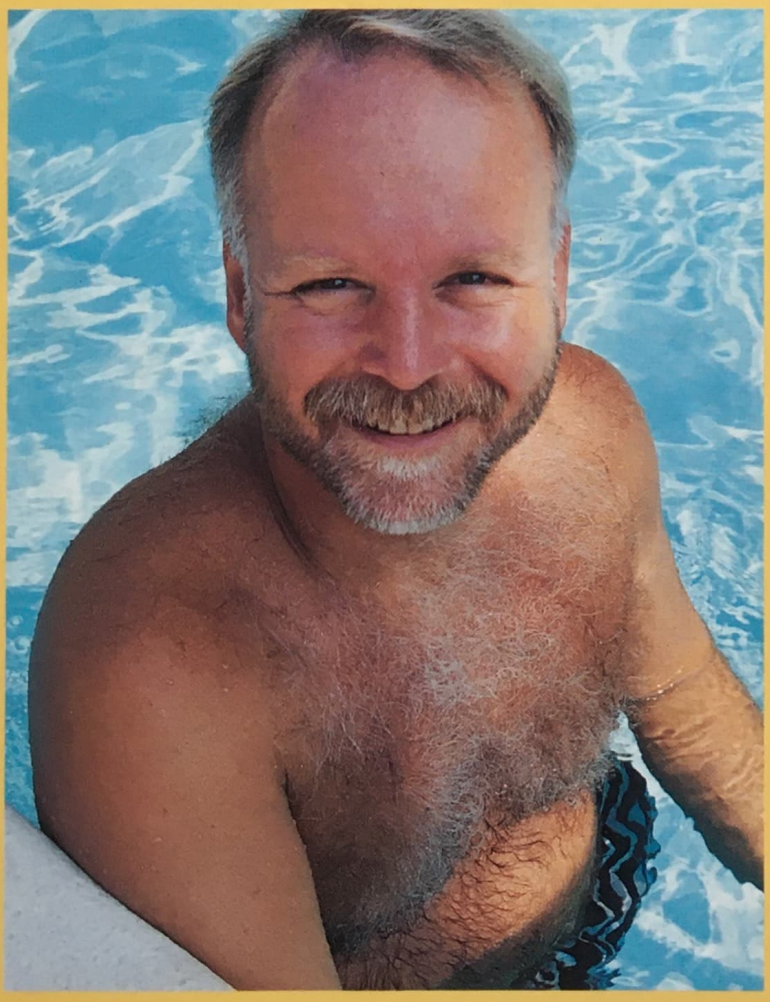


WILLIAM OF HASTINGS photoman

DIETER

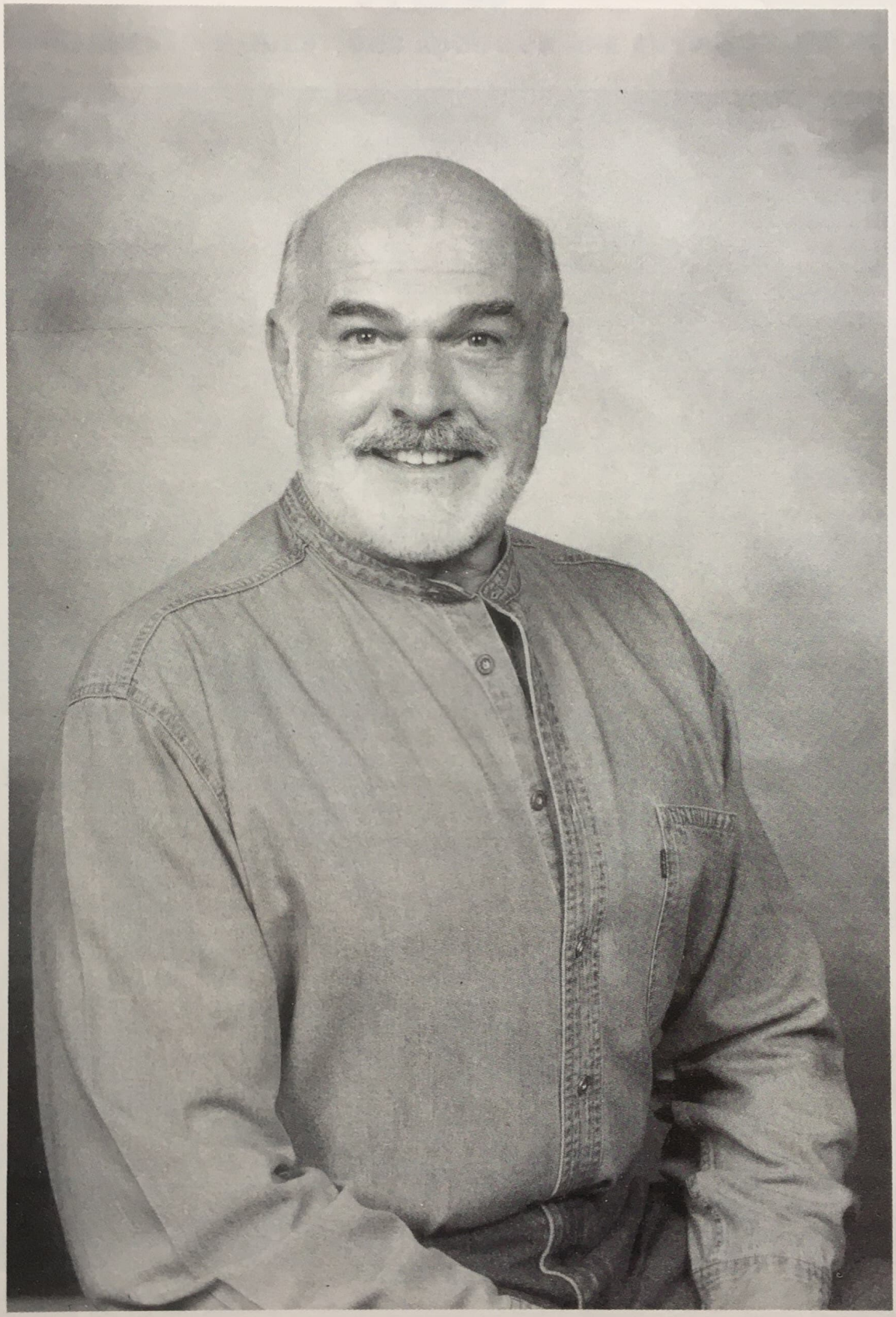
FRESNO GRAY FOX photoman **MEXICAN RANCHER**



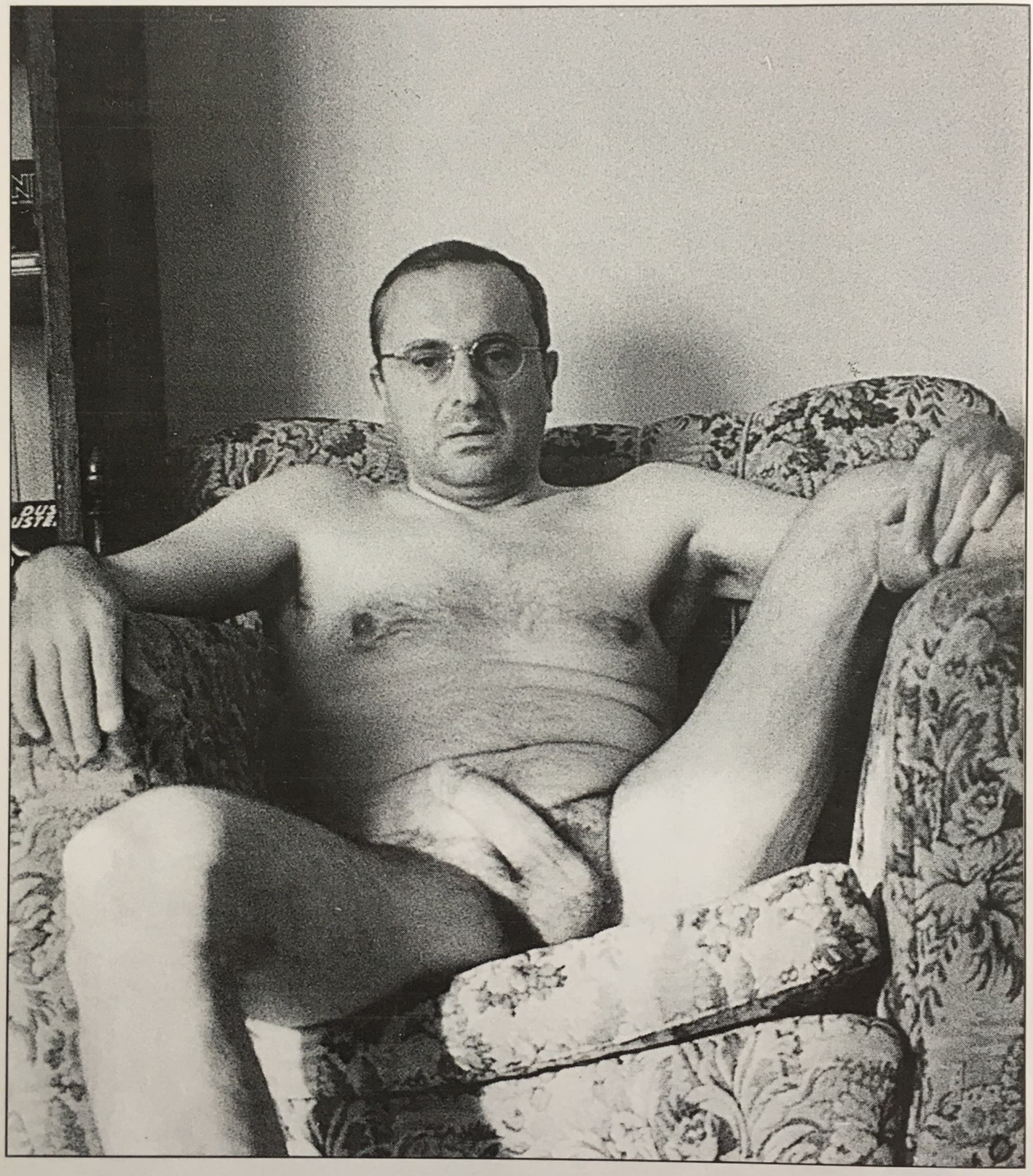


FLORIDA NATIVE zr-1 **SEATTLE ROBBIE** jaime

SEAN BEAR



NW GRIZ



rocker

HOW?

ALL YOUR PRESSING QUESTIONS ABOUT CR ARE ANSWERED RIGHT HERE

WHAT PRODUCTS AND SERVICES DO WE SELL?

MAGAZINE:

Chiron Rising (pronounced KY-RON)- a mildly erotic relationship and contact-oriented publication featuring fiction, essays, reviews, poetry, photography, artwork and personal ads.

BOOK:

Quincunx ... a collection of short fiction by P.H. Colley.

APPAREL:

Caps and T-shirts

EVENTS:

We sponsor a Gathering of around 1,000 mature men and admirers every spring (Orlando on odd years; San Diego on even years).

HOW OFTEN DO WE PUBLISH AND DISTRIBUTE?

We publish and distribute each even month. Subscribers can expect their issues to arrive sometime between the fifteenth and last of those months. Book stores should have CR on their shelves by the first week of the odd months.

HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT?

New subscriptions will be processed and first copies mailed within two (2) to four (4) weeks after receipt of order.

Back issues and other merchandise will be shipped within two (2) to five (5) weeks.

Non-urgent correspondence and photo submittals will be answered within two (2) two to five (5) weeks. Always allow at least a week to ten (10) days for transit time.

If you want us to acknowledge receipt of something, you MUST include a self-addressed, stamped card. Tip: Our worst backlogs occur during the two weeks prior to the release of an issue.

HOW TO DECIPHER THE CODE ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

Suppose the code on your address label says: 12/96 V (4.25). The date (12/96) indicates the even month and year when your last issue will arrive. The "V" (VIP) reveals that you are a long-time supporter and someone we especially value. Being a VIP has its advantages. The "4.25" means that you have a $4.25 credit due. Credit will be applied to your subscription if you do not use it against a purchase by the last issue of your subscription. Disregard any other notations.

HOW DID WE GET THAT FUNNY NAME?

CHIRON RISING is named after a comet (asteroid?) called "Chiron," which has an orbit near that of Pluto. Astrologers don't agree on the significance of the placement of this celestial body in a natal chart, but the astrological community has seen fit to track and chart its movement. Bruce and I both have Chiron smack on our rising signs in our natal charts. In other words, we both have **Chiron ... rising**. Get it?

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

Follow special instructions (WAS THAT YOU IN CR?) herein.

HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS & WRITERS

Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil (NOT INK, BUT PENCIL) the name of the model/writer/etc. in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want unsolicited photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE).

WHAT ABOUT RETURNED CHECKS?

If you overdraw by accident and contact us immediately, we will only charge you the $4 service fee our bank charges us. If, however, we have to take the time to contact you and resolve the matter, you may be billed a service charge of $25.00.

HOW MUCH FEEDBACK DO WE WANT FROM OUR READERS?

We welcome your comments and suggestions because we depend upon constructive criticism to help us grow. If you have a complaint, we want to hear about that too, because we want to make things right with our customers. Insulting, abusive, harassing or threatening communication will not be tolerated, however. We reserve the right to refuse the sale of products and services to anyone.

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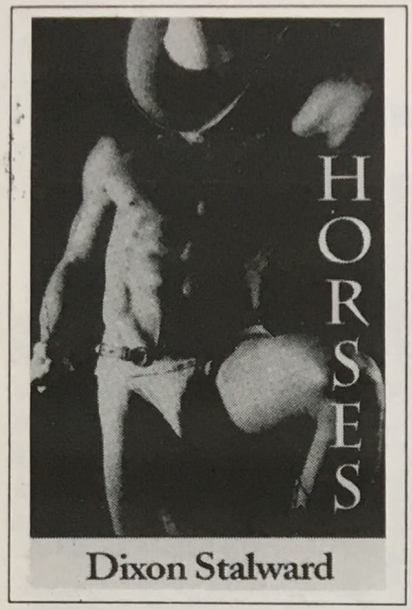

"DYNAMITE READING!" "RAMBUNCTIOUS!" "BAWDY!" "CLEVER!" "DEFIANTLY & VIVIDLY SENSUAL!"

"HORSES" by Dixon Stalward. In some of the best, most intelligently written erotic fiction ever, you will meet narrator Crestwell Holmes, a handsome English blacksmith, who travels about California plying his trade. And *in* those travels he meets many, many wonderful men. The action sizzles, the locales are unique and engaging, and the men are men of realistic dreams. These pages are packed with the optimistic sensuality experienced in the gay milieu and are encouraging of the very best in us, to the very reaches of our gay and true reality. Warm and wet, satisfaction is guaranteed time after time. 190 pages.

"LEAPS" by Dixon Stalward. Oh boy, take your horny fill from the meat-grabbing feasts in this sexy volume. Thrill to the lunges and plunges, the stabs and jabs, the strokes and pokes, in eight stiffening stories. Each and every one of these 194 pages drips with the hot juices of steamy action and you'll love it!

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"BRIDGES" by Dixon Stalward. This book explores the experience of the gay relationship, but not in the dry style of a psychology guru. No way. In four novellas you will share in the observations and activities—mostly sexy—of men working toward and/or within the definitions of a relationship. In reading these stories one is warmed both by the passions of the body and by the longing in the softer, gentler places for the serenity of belonging and continuity. It is possible, is it not, to celebrate the lusts of life while still nurturing the more enduring aspects of that same endeavor? Why, hell yes it is, so enjoy! 192 pages.

* * * * * * * * *

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Ship me _√ "HORSES" _√ "LEAPS" _√"PIECES" _√ "BRIDGES" Each book is US$12.95 plus US$3.50 shipped PRIORITY MAIL. (Overseas shipping: US$3.50 per book surface; US$8.00, airmail). Orders for Calif. addresses add 7.75% sales tax. Total order: US$_____

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"I am eighteen years old or older." Signature, please _____ Friend, we do thank you. Enjoy in good, *hot* health!

Hey, fellas! Get FIVE 4" x 6" color PHOTOS of author Dixon Stalward FREE with EACH book ordered (and they're awful damned sexy, too!)
_√ *Stiff and Bound #1* _√ *Stiff and Bound #2* _√ *In the Garden* _√*Night Fantasy* _√ *Workout* _√*Ranch Life*

ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA

mascot by kemush

If you need bereavement support, the Order can help you if you get in touch with us. You do not have to be a subscriber or customer of CRPI, nor do you have to be a member of the Order of the Silver Simba. The simple act of reaching out entitles you to our help. We cannot refer you to a professional counselor or clergyman, but we will put you in touch with other men in your area who have suffered the same as you and survived. It is our sincere belief that benevolent contact with those who have walked in your shoes can provide a valid and effective alternative or supplement to professional therapies.

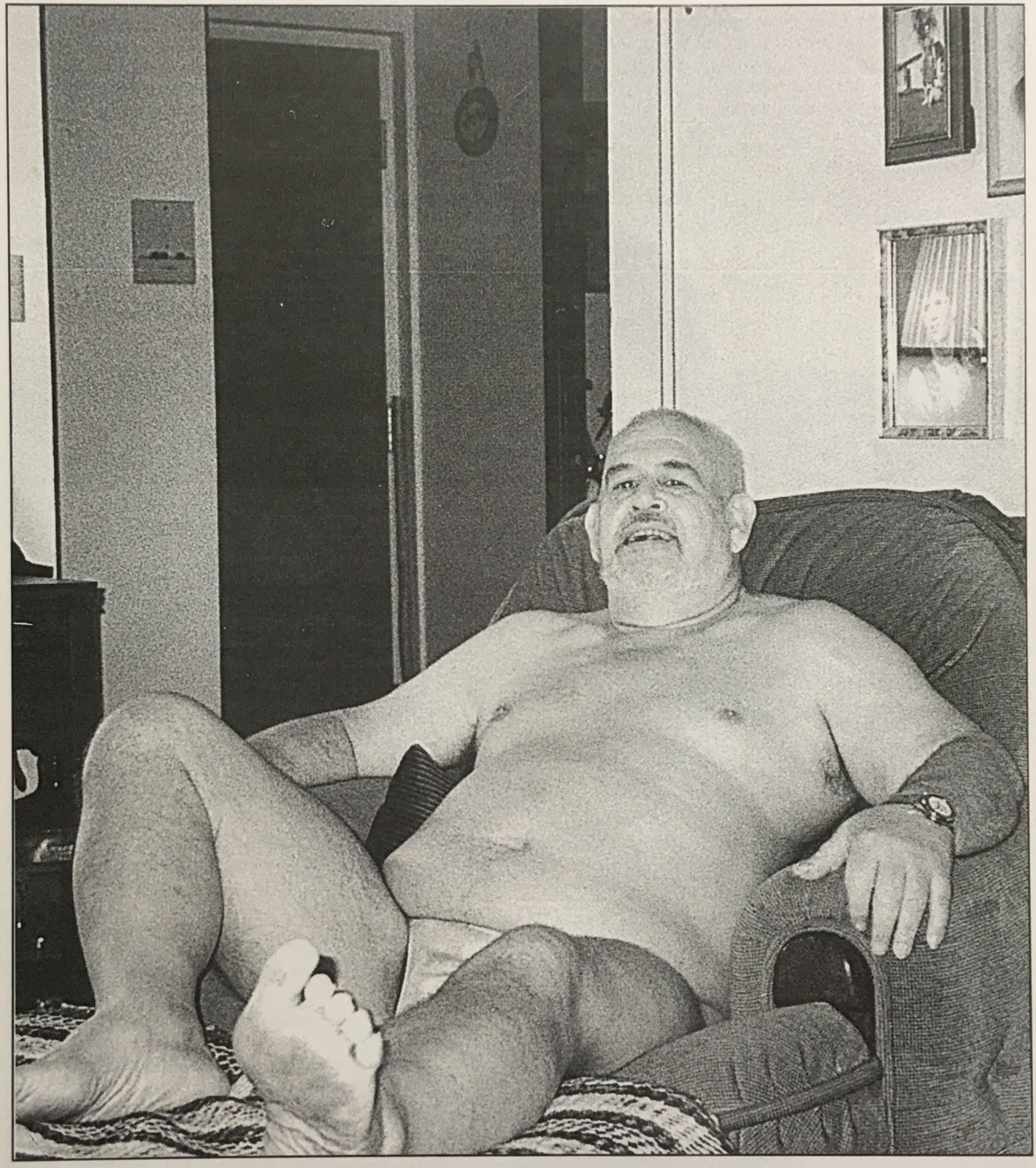
If you wish to joint the Order and donate spiritual support for a brother suffering through grief, send your name, address, telephone number, and a statement that you would like to offer your time and compassion to a grieving brother in your area. Also state if you: a) have lost a mate, b) are losing a mate, c) are just a compassionate soul wanting to help.

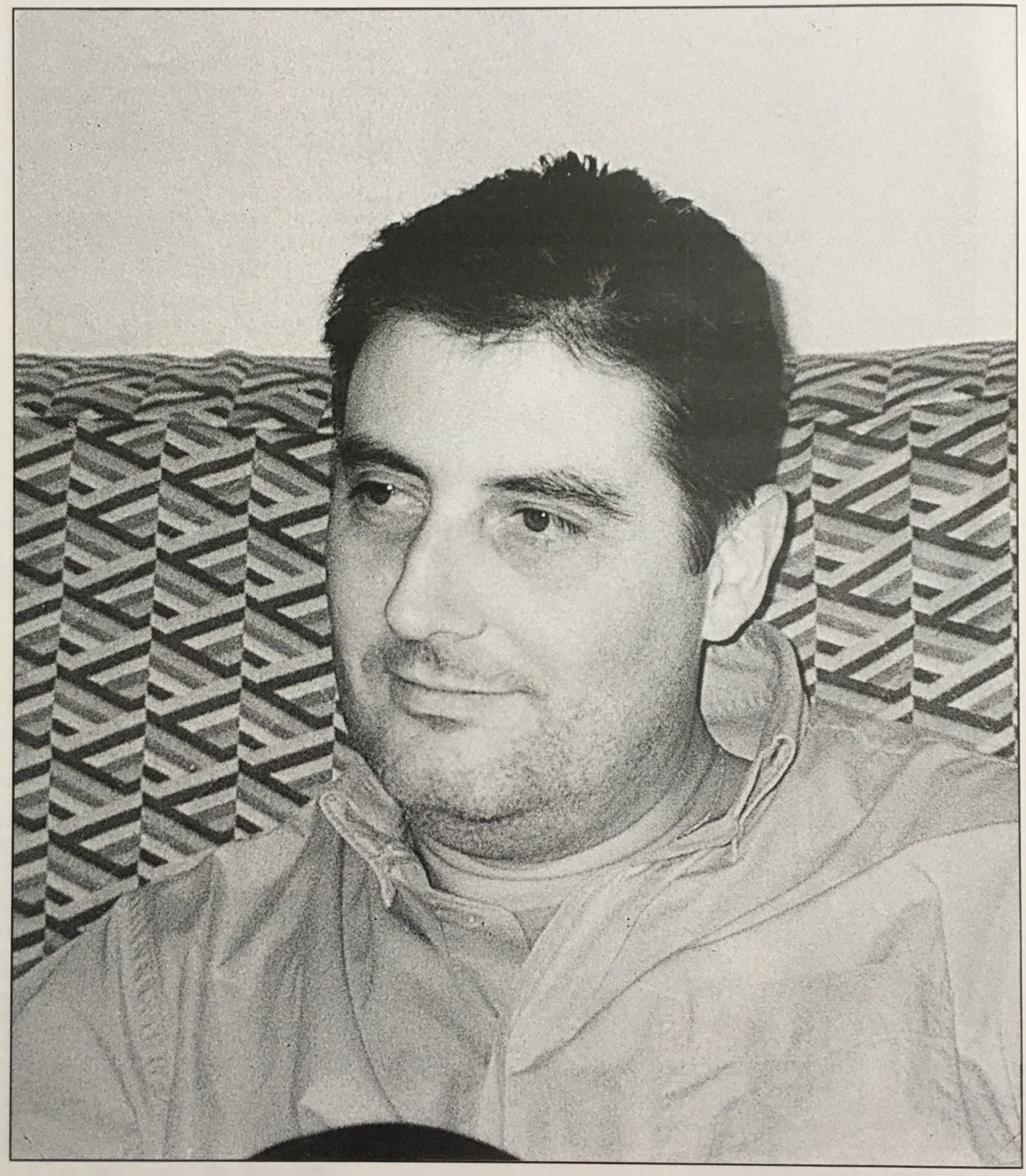
Your identity will never be divulged, either by list or referral. You will be contacted only by CR if your help is needed, and you will be supplied a contact.

Write: CR, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 9239, or call (888) 227-2935 within U.S. or (760) 868-6371 outside U.S..
E-mail: crpi@aol.com

SUFFER IN SILENCE NO LONGER

MAN HUNTER





WAS THAT **YOU** IN CR?

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send a sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself. Can't find a good photo? Then get a good photographer to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, get some professional portraits. Please don't send Polaroids, sex shots with obvious or simulated penetration or masturbation, photos with half your head or penis missing, or portraits of yourself standing too far away. Avoid high-noon bright sunlight (it shadows your eyes) and straight-on flashes (they project dark shadows on the wall behind you and make your pupils appear red). If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send us a stamped return envelope (Foreign: IRC or $1 cash). Photos could become lost or damaged, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE SIMILAR TO OR ACTUALLY THOSE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUBLISHED ELSEWHERE.

THE FOLLOWING FORM IS REQUIRED IN ORDER TO HAVE YOUR PHOTOGRAPH(S) FEATURED IN CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE. CAREFULLY WRITE YOUR NAME ON THE BACK OF EACH SUBMITTED PHOTOGRAPH AND BLOT SO THAT INK DOES NOT GET ON FRONT OF PHOTO.

TO: CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P.O. BOX 2589
VICTORVILLE, CA 92393

FROM: _____

This is to certify that I am the owner of the publication rights to and the model featured in the photography enclosed herein. I assign one-time rights of publication to Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. I further certify that I am at least 18 years of age, having been born on _____, 19 ___. It is understood that all publication rights revert back to me upon publication and that my photography may have to be cropped to suit the needs of publisher.

I hereby waive any compensation in return for the publication rights to subject photography.

I request that the name of _____ be published as the name of the model, in lieu of my real name. The photographer's name should be designated as _____.

The following information should be used in any biographical sketch accompanying my photography:

Age:_____; Height: _____; Weight: _____; Area of Residence: _____

Likes: _____

Looking for: _____

I do _____ do not _____ authorize the use of my photograph on the front cover of CR.

I do _____ do not _____ authorize the use of my photograph on CR's website on the internet.

I am currently involved in no _____/ an open _____/ a closed _____ personal relationship.

I certify that I have not signed a release with any other magazine for publication of subject photography within the past year. I further certify that I will not authorize publication of subject photography in any other magazine until same is published in CR. I promise to answer all letters forwarded to me as a result of my photo's publication and fully understand that my photography will be published as space is available and that no timetable is implied or promised.

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State (Province)/Zip (Code) _____

Country: _____

Date: _____

Telephone number: _____

NOTE: SUBMIT PHOTOGRAPHY AND THIS RELEASE FORM, PROPERLY COMPLETED AND SIGNED TO CRPI, AS NOTED ABOVE

THE CLASSIFIEDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTICE - WE WILL NOT:

1. WAIT IN LINE AT THE POST OFFICE FOR LETTERS WITH POSTAGE DUE. SUCH LETTERS WILL NOT BE CLAIMED.

2. FORWARD LARGE QUANTITIES OF MAIL FOR THOSE READERS WHO WRITE ALL NEW MODELS AND ADVERTISERS (AND WHO COULD BE PHOTO COLLECTORS OR MAILING LIST COMPILERS). WE WILL FORWARD FIVE PIECES OF MAIL PER WRITER AT NO CHARGE. FOR EVERY LETTER OVER FIVE, YOU MUST ENCLOSE $1 EACH (6 LETTERS = $1; 10 LETTERS = $5; 12 LETTERS = $7, ETC.). THIS IS *PER WRITER*, NOT *PER ENVELOPE*.

3. FORWARD LETTERS WITHOUT PROPER POSTAGE.

ALABAMA

(8/97) ALABAMA/SOUTHEAST: GBM, 26, tired of doing things alone, is looking for friends, 50+, who enjoy movies, music, theatre, and dining out. Also enjoy sporting events and travel. Seeking nonsmokers who are fun, warm, down-to-earth, good sense of humor, and like to try new things. Penpals welcome. Write: **BLAZER**

ARIZONA

(10/97) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 60, 6 ft., 250#, HIV negative, looking for someone 30-60 for friendship and possible LTR, if compatible. Light drinker and smoker okay. No drugs. Looks and body not important, but heart and soul are. I am a student who is training to become travel agent. Love to travel. Just learning computers. Enjoy most forms of safe sex. Your photo gets mine: **BAREKAT**

CALIFORNIA-NORTH

(8/97) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Healthy, active, professional GWM, 68, 5'-10", 185#, romantic and horny, looking for passion and affection with another average-built, mature male. Write: Bill Jones, 324 Larkin St., San Francisco, CA 94102, or call (415) 431-0644.

CALIFORNIA-SOUTH

(4/98) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Fun-loving and happily horny, masculine and versatile GWM seeks assertive man. Size, age, potency not important; responsiveness is. You are masculine and you kiss and hug passionately. I am 65, 5'-10", 215#, 6" cut, hairy, talented and enthusiastic. Extra-special feature: I am also one-half of newly merged pair open to occasional threesome. Partner is masculine, erudite, hairy and was a total virgin until the age of 71!! Now 76, 5'-7", 150#, 5" cut and thick, he's a quick, easy learner. You are virile, 25-45, medium body, cut and hung medium to small. HIV negative required. Hairy a plus. We are open to ideas. Twosome or threesome available. Try us. Write: Fred M., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(8/97) ORANGE-L.A. COUNTIES/NATIONWIDE: Loving, gay male any age, 50+, gray with beard and mustache, HIV negative, who wants to service a caring gay couple, 66 and 37, possible live-in. Must like to play subservient (not S&M, not a servant) and who enjoys being both top and bottom in every way. Big plus if you are hearing-impaired, or want to learn signing and truly get off on obedience to Dad/loving to Son. Total dedication to the "family" is required should we find the three of us are compatible and desire to live together. Want to find out? Photo will get photo. Write: **TUFLUV DAD/SONLUV DAD**

(10/98) LOS ANGELES: GWM, 58, 5'-9", 230#, wants a drug-free, monogamous, French-mutual, Greek-active lover under 40. Write: George, Box 461423, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

(8/97) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: SEXY, SOPHISTICATED, STABLE AND SECURE GWM, 46, 6'-1", 190#, searching for that illusive someone to share a beautiful lifestyle. Prefer Latin/European/Oriental, 40-50, stable and secure, in So. Cal. area. There is so much to experience and enjoy. Why not together? Write: **LARRY**

(10/97) LONG BEACH/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: GHM, 48, 5'-9", 205#, ex-priest, handsome, friendly, nice, sincere, affectionate, loyal, honest, spiritual, enjoys movies, traveling, music, photography, socializing, helping others, seeks 27-50 with similar interests and qualities. I'm hairy, uncut, Mexican background, not hung, stocky. Looking for friendship and more. letter with photo to Antonio, 2100 E. 2nd St. #503, Long Beach, CA 90803.

(4/98) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 54, 5'-11", 235#, salt-pepper, moustache, smooth chest, masculine, discreet, seeks to 60 for friendship and fun. Enjoy outdoors/nature, photography, nudity, exploring safe and sensual encounters (eg. massage, etc.). Only correspond with those can meet at some time. Write: Ed R., P.O. Box 90465, San Diego, CA 92169.

(8/97) ORANGE COUNTY-NATIONWIDE: Discreet SWM, 54, 6 ft., slim, in-shape, healthy, nonsmoker. Positive approach to life, love home and outdoors. Seriously seeking monogamous mate who is emotionally honest and in need of a bedmate who can provide passion and affection. Good looking for a requirement. Sorry, no playboys or predators. Write: **BIG HANDS**

(10/97) DOWNEY/SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 5'-11", 185#, gray hair, seeks 55-70 for friendship and more. Like nudism, beach, theatre, travel. Weight in proportion to height or thinner only. Photo please. Write: Tom G., 10929 Casanes Ave., Downey, CA 90241.

(10/97) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: WM, 31, 6 ft., 195#, rock-solid with football player's build, good-looking, masculine, nice cock, clean-cut, clean-shaven, HIV negative, educated, warm, passionate, intelligent, stable, honest, mature, financially/emotionally secure and discreet. I enjoy cooking, fitness, gardening, sex, deep sea fishing, golf, dogs, cars, home life, dining, travel, movies/theater. Seeking a masculine WM, 55+, on the husky side, clean-cut, clean-shaven, who is honest, mature and stable, for possible relationship. If you are interested, please write with photo to: Mark, 4470 Sunset Blvd., Box 223, Los Angeles, CA 90027.

FLORIDA

(10/97) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 64, 5'-8", 142#, chest 39", waist 32", bottom, trim, smooth swimmer's body, entirely clean-shaven head to toe, dancer, singer, educated, affectionate, hot, seeks control and discipline from a TOP willing to relocate. HIV negative. Write: Pierre Monet, P.O. Box 8543, Jupiter, FL 33468.

(8/97) FLORIDA/MIDWEST: GWM, 64, 165#, nonsmoker, pattern bald, cut 5.5", seeks 50+, honest, stable buddy who likes French A/P, cuddling, reading, TV History Channel, walking, travel, etc. Willing to share my home with someone who wants long-term relationship. Write: **QOM**

(12/97) GULF COAST/NATIONWIDE: Where will you be the rest of your life? How about sharing it with me? GWM, 58, 5'-11", husky, masculine, brown-S & P hair/beard and mustache, semi-hairy, cut, HIV negative, nonsmoker, healthy, educated, sense of humor, generous, and caring. Looking for lifemate/partner/friend (all in one) who is mature GWM, 45+, manly, HIV negative, vigorous, nonsmoker, perceptive, trustworthy, sharing, and witty. Hairy to very hairy! Height, weight unimportant. Some of my interests include: swimming, the outdoors, sight-seeing and travel, attending sports events/concerts/theatre/art museums, reading good books, music (J.S. Bach to Jimmy Buffett), British television humor, gardening, home improvement projects, XXX videos & magazines, J/O sessions, sex toys, sexual versatility, cuddling, kissing, hot nights, cold beers, meeting new people, and entertaining old friends. I'm financially able to relocate either of us, or if you like: winters in Florida, summers wherever. Your photo, phone number and letter get mine. Dave K., 6822 - 22nd Ave. North, Unit #334, St. Petersburg, FL 33710-3918.

ILLINOIS

(10/97) NATIONWIDE: Strip me naked! Young-looking, cute, bi, 29 yo, 6 ft., 210#, "big boy" look, seeks nice, safe, friendly man sharing fantasies where, under some preplanned situation, you "force" me to undress and JO against my will. Many scenes possible! Maybe you're my teacher, and I'm a failing student. You'll pass me if I let you see me naked. Your hands gently remove my clothing then fondle my shy, nude body. I'm humiliated as I grow uncontrollably aroused. Soon, my penis ignores my brain and—! We cuddle, rest, have awkward conversation. Then, my mental anguish and physical joy begin again, as you drain me all night long. Sound like fun? No S & M, Greek—just hot masturbation play and friendship sought. Your age, looks, body, city, don't matter. Personality, similar interests, ideas, do. Send yours! K. Jacob, Box 618601, Chicago, IL 60661. Will travel.

MICHIGAN

(10/97) MICHIGAN: GBM, 63, 5'-11", 180#, retired, into social work, a people person. Love to travel but don't enjoy going alone. Would like to meet other retirees to join me on travel adventures. Bone cancer is in remission; want to live and enjoy my life. **ORIGINAL MICHIGAN OWL MAN**

MISSISSIPPI

(4/98) BILOXI: Retired professor desires to meet clergy, professional men, blacks. Am 71 years of age, Christian worker in church. Am available for travel to visit and for visitors to see me in my apartment. Write: J.W., P.O. Box 4056, Biloxi, MS 39535.

(8/97) MISSISSIPPI: GWM, 70, 5'-9", 159#, blue eyes, gray crewcut, uncut, retired clergyman. Seeks mate or visitors. Should be uncut and like to sleep overnight with partner. Pay for food only and move in. Photo and phone. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

NEBRASKA

(8/97) LINCOLN/NATIONWIDE: GWM, Middle 60s, 5'-11", 190#, curly white hair and beard, slim build, HIV negative, moderate drinker, nonsmoker, retired, professional, masculine. Travel and sex aficionado! I like movies, theater, jazz, art, architecture, cooking and dining out. I would like to meet someone with similar interests who has the financial ability to be a traveling companion. Phone: Martin @ (402) 488-3413.

(10/97) YORK/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 32, 5'-8", 195#, HIV negative, hairy, clean-cut, light drinker, nonsmoker, loving, caring. Interests include aviation, RC places and helicopters, cooking, movies, photography. Can travel. Seeks 60+ for friendship and more. Phone Corey @ (402) 362-2835.

NEVADA

(2/98) RENO/NATIONWIDE: 60ish guy seeks friends/penpals. Likes: railroads, travel, musicals, architecture. Rick: (702) 329-2474.

(12/97) LAKE TAHOE/NEVADA: GWM, 23, 5'-8", 165#, nonsmoker, non-drinker, HIV negative, seeks GWM, 45+, balding/gray hair (pluses), versatile. Enjoy biking, hiking, snowboarding, nudity, fun in bed. Write: Robert, P.O. Box 4320, Stateline, NV 89449.

NEW JERSEY

(10/97) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 67, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

NEW YORK

(8/97) ROCHESTER: 53, 5'-10", 300#, nonsmoker, nondrinker. Looking for fun and possible relationship. I like movies, theatre, ethnic food, day trips, gardens, conversation, architecture, nudity. Not anal: touching and holding important. Email iamajim@frontiernet.net, or write: **IAMAJIM**

(12/97) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 47, 6'-1", trim, masculine, hairy-chested, warm, caring, loyal, nonsmoker, social drinker, health-conscious, seeks unattached, affectionate and dignified gentleman over 65 for passionate, monogamous relationship. Can travel. Would relocate. Enjoy movies, theatre, music, dining out, beach, nature, piano bars. No men with children, please. Detailed letter and photo essential. Steve, Box 246, 208 E. 51 St., New York, NY 10022.

OHIO

(10/97) COLUMBUS AND CENTRAL OHIO: GWM, 47, 5'-2", 250#, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks 25-65, average to somewhat heavy build. Enjoy reading, films, cats and cars. Your photo and telephone number will get prompt reply. Write: T.W.C., 1161 Norton Road, Galloway, OH 43119, or call (614) 853-0181.

(8/97) COLUMBUS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 30, 5'-11", 200#, brown hair, hazel eyes, cute. Seeks 45-65, preferably white haired, hairy older gentleman for friendship and more. Varied interest, including music, the outdoors, cooking, cuddling, and being active as well as taking care of my man. Please write: Matthew, P.O. Box 23822, Columbus, OH 43223-0822, or phone (614) 470-2559.

OKLAHOMA

(8/97) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM exec, 54, 6'-5", 240#, brown/blue, eclectic, sensual, romantic, seeks 25-65+, preferably versatile, for friendship and more, possibly including monogamous long-term relationship. Enjoy nature, travel, quiet relaxing pursuits, modest/honest/unpretentious people/lifestyle. Particularly interested in European and Asian (Japanese, Chinese, Indonesian, Sri Lankan) men. Write with photo (explicit if you wish): **HAWK**

SOUTH CAROLINA

(8/97) COLUMBIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-9", 200#, suntanned white skin, nice blue eyes, wavy silver hair, seeks sharp guys of all ages for friendship and more. I am well educated and widely traveled. Enjoy the arts, nudism, writing. Write; Doug, P.O. Box 1901, Columbia, SC 29202. Or Email: **hall4103@sprynet.com**

TEXAS

(8/97) NATIONWIDE: GM, 30s, masculine, handsome, 5'-8", husky, clean-cut, loyal, sincere, and passionate. Seeking monogamous LTR with a sincere white male over 60 (no facial hair). K.O., P.O. Box 704, Cedar Park, TX 78630, or call Kevin @ (512) 260-0421.

UTAH

(10/97) NATIONWIDE-UTAHNS SEEK THIRD MEMBER TO FORM TRIAD FAMILY. GWM couple: 66, 6'-0", 190#, hazel eyes, brown hair, stache, HIV negative, great humor, rancher, musician, educated, cut, average, loving, and cuddly; and 56, 5'-5", hazel eyes, blond hair, great butt and legs, stache and beard, musician, loves massage, fun, great conversationalist, HIV negative, hairy, world traveler. Both are nonsmokers, very light social drink. Seek son/friend/lover, 35-45, for relationship, not a fling. You: be self-sufficient, nonsmoke, HIV negative, educated, your being able to ride a horse well would be a plus, like travel, humorous, have the ability to commit to a relationship, nice looking, weight proportionate to height, light to no drink, like safe sex, know a good deal when you see one. If this sounds interesting to you, contact us. First let's try for a friendship, then see what happens as we get to know one another better. Send photo and letter to **FOXTROTTER**

VIRGINIA

(8/97) NATIONWIDE: White sincere male, 56, would like to contact while virile male in late 60s or older only. C.M., P.O. Box 1036, Glen Allen, VA 23060.

INTERNATIONAL

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(10/97) FLORIDA: Mexican GWM, 41, 5'-6", 155#, masculine with muscular build, seeks older man, 60+, stocky, gray or white hair. Interests: fine arts. Write to: Bosco, Dr. Lucio 102, Edif. C-1, 201, Doctores, C.P. 06720, MEXICO.

(12/97) NATIONWIDE CANADA/USA: GWM, 72, 5'-10", 174#, seeks 30-85 for friendship and more. Enjoy walking, swimming, bridge, traveling, nudism. Your letter, photo, telephone number will get prompt reply. Write: G.A.T., Box 165, Bowden, Alberta T0M 0K0

(8/97) INDONESIA: 39-year-old free-lance tour guide, looking for friends and long lasting relationship. I like reading, writing, traveling. Husni Rozak; J.L.M.T. Haryono, Komp. Perum Pos; Rt. 72, No. 59, Blok D; Balikpapan, East Kalimantan, INDONESIA

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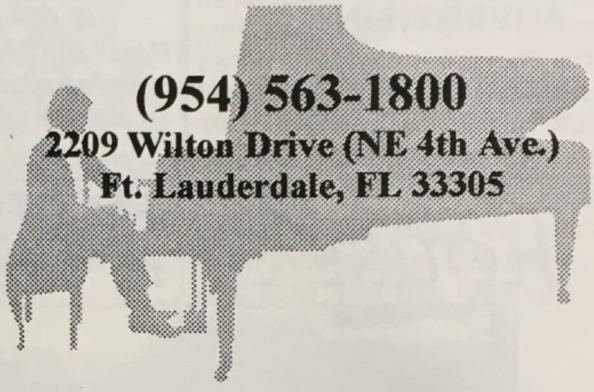

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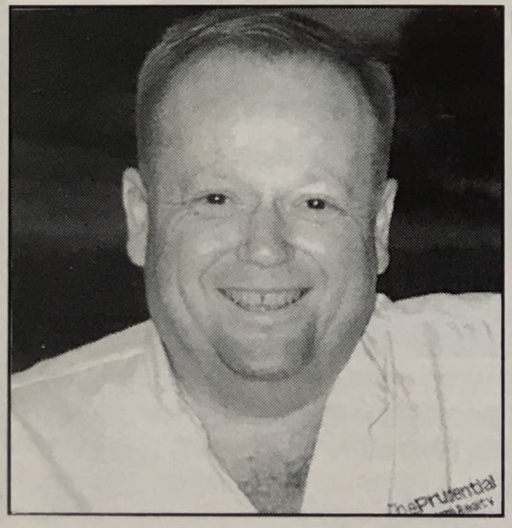

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THE SIDE EFFECTS CAN BE SPECTACULAR
a true story by RALPH KELLEY

It is easy to step into a dangerous situation without being fully aware of what has happened. And with the marvelous new drugs our doctors prescribe we can find ourselves in deep waters. It can happen quickly, and it takes some serious thinking to get hold of our lives again. Without serious thinking, we can kill ourselves.

Since Bob had a two-week summer vacation coming up, we talked about where to go and what to do. Then his father called and asked Bob to visit him in Tennessee. Suddenly, Bob wanted to show me his home state. At 73, I find that two weeks is a long time to visit someone else's relatives, even those of a loved one.

On my first day back, at my regular monthly visit, my doctor noted that I was not up to my usual vigor. He suggested a slight change in my medications. I should have told him that I was just back from a trip visiting non-talkative relatives. I should have read about the new drug he prescribed, but I didn't. I respected and trusted my doctor; he wouldn't do anything to harm me. At first, I didn't sleep well. When I called the doctor, he attributed the problem to "Sundown Syndrome." He said that seniors get anxious when the sun goes down, and I'd be fine if I just took the new medication. In the morning, he said, when the sun came up, my anxiety would disappear.

If I had looked up the side effects, I'd have discovered that the new medication can cause insomnia. Instead of getting a real answer I was getting a hocus pocus about something called "Sundown Syndrome."

I had an appointment with a neurologist who suggested a slight change in a drug I was already using. Now, I was able to sleep, but, to my surprise, there was a cute little white cow living behind my bedroom door. The amazing cow could speak perfect English and told me many things about my home and about the vicious drug dealer who lived in the apartment upstairs. (My house is a one-story home, but who worries about details when talking with an English- speaking cow who lives behind the door of your bedroom!)

The little cow had the drug dealer look down on us, and his head appeared in the ceiling. He told me bluntly that he wouldn't sell me any drugs because I was a senior citizen, and we were getting all the good drugs already. He said that senior citizens were making it rough for real drug pushers.

My love life was great. I could stay up all night because I slept during the day. At night I was mentally alert, and my mind was working overtime. The cow and I sat up all night, and we had fun, laughing and telling jokes.

The walls of my bedroom became a beautiful blue-black, and long, sharp pieces of silver metal, painted various colors, flew through the room. Most were bright blue trimmed in gold. Others were red, some even green. At first I thought we would be badly cut by the many flying pieces, but cow said we'd be fine. The cow and I sat and watched the amazing show. The colors were brilliant. Sometimes balls of bright pink flew through. At these times I thought I heard a voice speaking to me.

Later in the night, some of the pink balls struck a wall, and I heard in the explosion, "I love you. I love you." There was an intense flash of pink light. Slowly, I became aware that I was in the middle of the living room floor. Bob had his arms around me repeating, "I love you. I love you," over and over again. He explained I'd been up all night wandering around the house. He'd caught me and held me down. Although he was worried, I didn't sense trouble. I felt well.

Each night when he got ready for bed, I put on several cassettes of soft piano music. I gently rubbed his tummy until he went to sleep. Usually, I sat and watched him; he looked so beautiful. Then I went to my own bed. Before long, cow came and we sat and told each other all sorts of things. Cow never had a name, and I never inquired about its gender. Cow was just cow. Bob made tapes of our conversations, but unfortunately there is only the sound of my voice talking nonsense.

September turned into October, and the cow told me that the drug dealer had moved out because he was furious about all the many good drugs I had.

Cow told me that a new person had moved in who called himself "an entrepreneur of sex", a person who created new items for the sexual experience. The man's name was Mr. Too, and I wanted to meet him. For payment of rent on the upstairs apartment, he would keep me supplied with all the sexual toys I wanted. But more than that, he wanted me to become a partner and help him devise new items to help unimaginative persons have better sex.

So cow asked Mr. Too to come down. Once he was in the room, he never stopped a moment to catch his breath. He went right on talking and laughing, telling endless jokes which cow thought very funny. (For example: What's the difference between an airliner and a mobile home? The airliner is supposed to fly.) Finally, Mr. Too got down to business. We started asking ourselves what product we could make that would sell like hot cakes. We came up with the idea of making musical condoms. When a man ripped open the package, the

condom would play a symphonic arrangement of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Then after the man put on the condom and inserted his penis into his partner, the condom would play Ravel's "Bolero," a piece with strong rhythms and passions. As the music played, a device, shaped much like a snake's forked tongue, would emerge from the end of the condom, and fly back and forth over the surrounding flesh. This would be followed by a sparkling country arrangement of "She'll Be Coming 'Round The Mountain When She Comes."

Later there would be a full marching band arrangement of "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Again the forked tongue would emerge, and the condom would throb to the beat of the music. We decided that anyone who could not have a strong orgasm with our condoms would have to be dead.

We learned very quickly that this condom was for the beginner; we had to devise others more complicated. Finally, we started putting into production a two-hour condom with a full symphonic concert, featuring the "William Tell Overture." We believed we were providing a real service in helping men develop staying power.

Then we began making other toys. The one which aroused the most interest was the Aphrodisiac Ass Perfume Capsule. Before leaving home, the man would put an ass capsule into his rectum. Within an hour it would melt. From then on, every movement of his hips would release a small amount of an aphrodisiac perfume. During the sex act, the man pumping his hips would fill the room with powerful perfume. The lovers literally would be overcome with desire. If the man had a healthy fart, the powerful aroma would bring about a tremendous orgasm. Thus he'd be encouraged to fart during the lovemaking in order to release the perfume.

After Mr. Too arrived I was happy. And each morning I couldn't get enough of Bob before he went to work. Usually I was up, fixing breakfast and writing little love notes. After he left, I fell fast asleep in the rocking chair in the living room.

On several occasions in late October, I had nightmares in which I spent the whole night screaming and yelling. Distorted heads floated in space, screaming in terror. Brightly colored metal pieces flying through the room cut the heads into shreds. Blood of various colors splashed over me. Sometimes it was icky green, sometime red or blue. When the metal swordlike piece burst open a head, other metal pieces came whizzing along cutting the head into shreds. Even cow got to bawling, and soon we looked and felt terrible.

Mr. Too, however, always wanted to discuss new items, and I wondered how he dreamed up so many things. It was difficult to make a choice, but we decided to make jewelry for the real man. He was constantly drawing pictures of what he considered a real man, and I was always happy to agree that he was right. The nice thing was that when he selected one drawing, Mr. Too would snap his fingers, and the man would come to life. The man would be wonderful. (I always got hungry at this point.) But when Mr. Too saw how distracted I became with each beautiful man, he put him back into a drawing. I liked one drawing so much that I slipped it out of the notebook and hid it for future pleasures. I should have known that I would be caught, but Mr. Too and cow laughed at me for looking—as they said—like I wanted lunch.

Our first piece of jewelry was a fantastic cock ring which boasted rubies and diamonds in front and above the cock. The ring itself was a beautiful orange gold metal. The base was a complicated piece an inch wide with an intricate design. There were small hooks to hold other pieces yet to be designed.

The next piece was a penis sheath to be created in thin, spun silver, decorated in an intricate design with spun gold. At various places would be rubies and diamonds. At the end would be diamonds with a soft pink pearl in the middle. The sheath would hold the penis straight out. It would be fastened to the cock ring by several small gold chains held by the small hooks in the cock ring. There was also a ring in the device so that the penis sheath could be screwed in for a tighter hold.

Under the sheath was a gold mesh sack to hold the balls in place. Above the cock ring the spun gold pubic hair was fastened to a very thin silver plate that was held in place by the cock ring and by small chains which went around the body. In back was a tail, made of white horse hair, that swept beautifully to the floor. The tail had a device to be inserted into the rectum and held tightly by the man's sphincter muscle. Surrounding the rectum, the tail had a round circle of gold laced with rubies and diamonds. Chains of fine gold went around the body and fastened into the cock ring. A wig, fashioned out of delicate spun gold threads, crowned the man. At his shins were guards of spun silver, and at the feet golden horse hoofs. A pair of golden gloves and a bow and magnificent quiver completed the picture.

Mr. Too estimated the worth of the whole to be in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand dollars. No one could have a suit of finer jewelry or look more majestic.

As October moved into November, my various dreams took on a different cast. I visualized myself sitting naked and cross-legged in the middle of the living room floor where slowly the walls and the furniture began to disintegrate. The floor now gave the appearance of a raised platform. Above was a black sky filled with bright stars. Frequently, this was a nice experience, but then I became aware that there were figures off at a distance. Sometimes they walked upright and sometimes on four legs. Each succeeding night the figures came closer, and soon I had the impression that they were stalking me. I discovered that some were behind me. When they moved closer, there was a shower of sharp, pink, metallic pieces, which frightened them. The pieces began at the horizon and flashed in towards me. Then, as the

night wore on, they built a fence around me and began to hum. I felt warm and comfortable. In the morning the "hum" slowly became, "I love you, I love you." It was Bob holding me in his arms on the living room floor where all the furniture was in place.

November moved into December. The figures off in the distance moved in closer, and the pink metal pieces were slow to arrive. The figures had cruel, vicious faces. I could see sharp, doglike teeth and skin a black-green luminescence, like something covered with oil.

One night they caught the cow and dragged it off with much noise and frightful sounds. Before getting very far away, the pack stopped to eat cow alive. Then, mouths smeared with blood, they turned back towards me.

Suddenly, one came up behind me and drew a long rope around my left leg. The pack set up a howl, moved in and took the rope in their mouths. They started running fast, dragging me over the snow-covered ground. I felt as though my back was being torn off. When we got to a broad plain, they tied me down, legs wide apart and arms stretched out. The pups seemed to enjoy lifting a leg and urinating on me. A blast of pink metal pieces sailed past, hitting nothing. The pups moved in more closely, and one dashed up and nipped me.

Suddenly, all of them were still as an adult male drew close and looked into my face. He seemed to enjoy making me cringe. He bared his teeth, smiled, and pretended to take a big bite. He wanted to see my reaction. He turned and let some of the pups come up and start eating on my arms. As they did, he watched my face intently.

While I was struggling, I thought I saw off to the left, a large, dark thing, rising out of the snow. The adult animal watching me was disturbed by whatever it was. The thing spread large wings. I thought at first that it was God coming to take me to heaven. The animals were disturbed. The figure moved towards us, and the animals charged it, snarling and snapping their teeth.

Some of the animals started to untie me and drag me off. The figure with wings moved in my direction, but I was being dragged fast by the running animals. (How could my back possibly hold out? All the muscles would be gone. I was in painful misery.) Red and dark blue balls of light, coming from near the horizon, shot at the figure, which staggered but regained its balance. I was dragged out of its sight, and the animals started eating me.

Suddenly the angel figure was upon us, and there was a flash of white light, then pink, then yellow. Streaks of pale blue light and of a pale lavender surrounded the figure and went off in all directions. The animals sent back dark balls of green, blue, and red light. There was a brilliant flash of pink, and I found myself in Bob's arms in the middle of my living room, screaming as Bob held me tightly.

I realized that I was home, and I was exhausted. My arms were bloody. I had broken finger nails. I felt bruised and sore. I could hardly walk, and I was upset because Bob, who had had no sleep, had to go to work. This went on through December, and the sight of Christmas tree lights kept reminding me of the nightly battle. The flying flashes of light became more intense. The tall angel in pink was hard pressed to hold his own. Each night cow was torn apart and each night the dog-like animals nipped at me. When they dragged me over the ground, I tried to find something to grasp. Each time I did, the animals bit my fingers until I let go.

Finally, I asked Mr. Too to help. He brought to life the men in the drawings and dressed them in our jewelry. For awhile the dogs were afraid or uncertain of them. Mr. Too created fantastic arrows. When they hit anything solid, they burst into pieces of white light that shot off like sparklers on the Fourth of July. Yet the animals soon learned that this light was harmless. In the middle of the fight, Mr. Too switched arrows which screamed at their targets and splashed a yellow light that evidently stung the animals. Then the bejeweled men moved forward toward them, forcing them to back up.

I tried to tell my daughter what was happening. Her response was, "Dad, you're lying. You aren't seeing such things. You're making it up to get attention." She called the neurologist who suggested that maybe a short hospitalization might be good.

Bob went with me to see the doctor. When he suggested an increase in one of the medications and a short hospital stay, Bob protested strongly.

"No. No increases," he said. The neurologist reacted badly, said that he was the doctor, and that he had been in touch with my family. He indicated that Bob was not "family," but Bob said he was better than family. He said he was my lover, and suddenly the word "faggot" was said. We started talking "lawyer." The argument got out of hand. It was very upsetting. The neurologist had a large sign on the wall that read: "Member of the Council for Pure Family Living: Promoting a wholesome family life of father, mother, and children." There was also an anti-abortion poster. We decided that arguing with him would be useless.

We decided to try to get back to the place where I was when we had come home from Tennessee. We tried to think of every avenue we might take, but first we had to figure out exactly what I had been taking and what amounts. Once we knew that, we thought we were ready to begin. We decided we should take sixty days to cut down the pills to the amount I was taking before going on vacation. During the day we would shave a little off each pill with a razor blade so that we could get back to the original dosage.

Bob suggested that we try one more thing, that I try to insert him into the dreams. Then one night I realized the angel was really Bob. In the dream, Bob, as the angel, rounded up the men with the jewelry, and we enlisted the aid of Mr. Too who kept saying, "If a dog knows you are afraid, it will attack. But if you are not afraid, you can drive the dogs off." To some extent it helped.

The dogs would have balls of light sent towards Mr. Too, but he didn't

seem to be afraid, and he was not hit. Bob stood his ground and sent streaks of pink light at the animals. The men shot their arrows until their supply was exhausted.

It seemed for several days that we were beginning to win, but one night everything went wrong. I realized that the dogs had me tied down, and I wanted to see what was happening. The animals had surrounded Mr. Too, and suddenly they moved in on him, tore him apart and ate him.

The soldiers formed a tight unit, but they had already shot all their arrows. They tried to protect themselves by using their bows as weapons. While I watched them, I became aware that the large male leader of the pack was staring me in the face. His eyes were bright with deviousness. His mouth was slightly open, and I could see the doglike teeth. Suddenly, he took a large bite out of the side of my face, and as I screamed, he ripped off another piece. He stepped away, and the rest of the pack started eating and tearing at my legs and arms. I screamed over and over, and suddenly Bob was shaking me and helping me to sit up.

I felt totally helpless, limp and without strength. I could only scream in pain. I assumed I had no arms or legs, and I thought my face was gone. Evidently, Bob called a neighbor and together they got me dressed and loaded into the car. Bob sped off to the hospital. I felt immense pain. Upon arrival, Bob and someone else loaded me into a wheelchair and rushed me into the emergency room. A woman doctor, a fine person, asked Bob for the list of my medications. Fortunately he always carried the list and the nitrostat pills.

The doctor made a quick diagnosis. An IV was hurriedly inserted into my left hand and several shots administered. She kept saying that I had dangerously low blood pressure. In fact, the hospital records state that I was suffering from "drug-induced very low pressure" and from "drug-induced strong hallucinations." She suggested that Bob try to get me to walk, but I was convinced that I had no feet. The doctor suggested that Bob keep shaking me and slapping me. In about an hour I began to comprehend where I was and what was going on.

It took about three hours for my blood pressure to come close to normal. The doctor said that one of my pills was causing the low pressure. It was days before I could convince myself that I had feet, arms and face.

Bob and I went to the drug store where I had all my prescriptions filled and asked for information about each of the ten medications I was taking.

It was amazing that two highly paid medical men and one very competent druggist gave me medicines which had the following adverse side effects:

1. One produced insomnia.
2. One produced hallucinations.
3. One produced psychotic reactions and hallucinations.
4. One produced mental disturbances and suicidal tendencies.
5. One produced psychotic disturbances.
6. One produced very low blood pressure.

It was apparent that a person could easily be placed in an institution or maybe even a casket by competent people.

But then again, the whole affair pointed out that a lover is very important. I had "competent doctors" and a daughter who said she loved me, but a lover is something else. A lover was understanding, and he was the angel who rose out of the dark. A daughter is an "outside love" while Bob was a "love from within me." He understood; he was walking in my shoes; he was living in my heart. Even though I was walking through a valley of horror, Bob was with me.

RALPH KELLEY and partner BOB live in Michigan and enjoy meeting and hearing from old and new friends. They will be at the San Diego Gathering. RALPH is the sweet little hunk sitting in a wheel chair surrounded by fifty doting studs.

FED UP WITH TRYING TO GET THROUGH TO CR?

Running a business in today's high-tech world isn't easy. A couple of years ago we purchased a "state-of-the-art" fax/modem/voice mail product which still hasn't worked properly. Oh, it's been placed and re-placed into operation by three different Mac hotshots, but it never works for long. We bought some slick fax software, but it somehow got corrupted. Then we purchased an upgrade, but, SURPRISE, we had to upgrade our operating system as well—and naturally it had glitches too. Other peripherals failed. At one point, we had three monitors down and weren't able to do much work, let alone receive a fax. We rushed out and bought a cheap fax machine (our fifth), which worked for a month, then it stopped receiving automatically. We've gone through four answering machines. We've sat helplessly late at night, listening to the telephones ringing off the hook as customers were attempting to send faxes from all over.

Then along came American Express and its Virtual Office. Only one number to call for faxes and voice. No busy signals. No botched faxes. No botched taped messages. Every domestic call gets to us personally or to our voicemail or faxmail. If you're calling from within the U.S.,YOU'LL NEVER AGAIN HAVE TO PAY TO REACH US, because our new number is toll-free!

All we ask is that you kindly advise the purpose of your call if you leave a message for a returned call. That way we can be prepared to help serve you more efficiently. Our new TOLL FREE number:

(888) 227-2935

THE 8TH ANNUAL SPRING GATHERING - MAY 8 THRU 11, 1998
TOWN & COUNTRY HOTEL, SAN DIEGO

THE HOST HOTEL & RATES

The Gathering '98 Host Hotel is the Town & Country Hotel and Convention Center, located at 500 Hotel Circle North in exquisite San Diego. Situated on 32 beautifully landscaped acres, the Town & Country is truly a city within a city. It has 1,000 rooms from ranch-style garden rooms to penthouse suites. It also boasts four restaurants, a rooftop lounge with live music, four swimming pools (two exclusively for us), and a health club offering tennis, racquetball and spa facilities. Golf and some of the best shopping in Southern California are adjacent to the hotel property. The airport is only 10 minutes away, and attractions such as the San Diego Zoo, Sea World, Balboa Park, Mission Bay and Old Town are even closer. Wild Animal Park and Mexico aren't far away. Garden rooms are available for $90 (single or double) per day plus tax. Tower rooms are available for $110. (Note: Parking is not included. The hotel charges guests $5 per day for parking.)

Hotel reservations are the responsibility of delegates and may be made by calling the Atlas Hotel chain toll-free number, (800) 77-ATLAS (772-8527). Tell the operator that you would like to make hotel reservations for the Chiron Rising Spring '98 Gathering at the Town & Country in San Diego. Foreign: call the Town & Country direct at (619) 291-7131. A prepayment of one night's deposit (by check, money order or major credit card) is required and is fully refundable if a written cancellation notice is received by the hotel more than 48 hours prior to arrival time.

THE CR EVENTS

Thursday: Early Badge/Wristband pickup, reception.

Friday: Badge pickup, merchandise sales, reception, big-band dinner dance, DJ dancing, cabaret entertainment.

Saturday: Water aerobics class, workshops, art exhibit, recitals, cocktails/dinner on your own, gala Mark & Clark cocktail show, D.J. dancing, cabaret entertainment.

Sunday: Water aerobics class, workshops, art exhibit, recitals, reception, awards banquet, D.J. dancing, cabaret entertainment.

Monday: Farewell Breakfast

NOTE: The Thursday, Friday and Sunday cocktail parties will utilize cash bars, which means that delegates must pay for their own beverages (except for beverages served with meals). CR will provide limited snacks during cocktail parties. Each delegate will receive two complimentary drinks during the Saturday night cocktail show. Additional drinks must be purchased at cash bars.

ADVANCE REGISTRATION FEES

The "A" Package, including all events: thru 8/31/97: $180.00; 9/1/97 thru 12/31/97: $190.00. Thereafter: $200.00

The "B" Package, including all events except Friday night dinner dance, Saturday night cocktail show, Sunday night banquet, and Monday morning breakfast: $ 85 per person

"B" Package Add-ons

B1: Friday Dinner Dance - $40

B2: Saturday Cocktail Show - $40

B3: Sunday Banquet - $40

B4: Monday breakfast - $15

Note: Above pricing is good through 4/30/98 only. No advance registration sales will be made after 4/30/98. Will-call only, after that date.

WILL-CALL REGISTRATION FEES

For those who are unable to commit by April 30th and want to make a will-call reservation, request a special Will-Call Delegate Agreement/Registration Form. After we receive your special registration form, signed and completed, we will make your badge and have it waiting for you. Provide delegate agreement in advance; pay at the door. This arrangement is provided in good faith that customer will call prior to the event to confirm if he definitely cannot attent. Prices:

Thursday/Friday Basic: $25

Thursday/Friday including Dinner Dance: $60

Saturday Basic: $30

Saturday including Cocktail Show: $70

Sunday Basic: $30

Sunday including Banquet : $70

Monday Breakfast: $15

All Events: $200

Note: No passes available for dinner/gala-only events.

CANCELLATION POLICY

Cancellations made before 4/30/98 will be subject to a cancellation charge of $25. No refunds will be available after 4/30/98. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, however, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate, provided cancellation is made prior to May 8, 1998. Allow 4-8 weeks for receipt of refunds. Exclude the period of May 1 through 15, 1998 from your calculations.

No cancellation fee will be assessed if customer applies entire registration amount to his subscription renewal or the purchase of additional CR merchandise.

All fans of *Chiron Rising* Magazine and their friends are invited.

Registration must be made using the proper form, which is located on next page.

SEE YOU ALL THERE!

THE 2ND ANNUAL SIMBA MARDI GRAS
FEBRUARY 20, 21, 22, 1998
HYATT REGENCY SYDNEY
(Effective 10/1/97: THE MILLENNIUM SYDNEY HOTEL)

THE HOST HOTEL

The 2nd Annual Simba Mardi Gras host hotel is the Hyatt Regency Sydney (The Millennium Sydney Hotel after 10/1/97), located at the top of William Street in Sydney, Australia. It is a world-class hotel which houses a complete shopping center and several exquisite restaurants. Perched atop a hill overlooking the entire city of Sydney, it offers unparalelled views. It is located in a section of Sydney called Kings Cross, a very lively area known for night clubs, strip joints and video arcades. Most of the major attractions in Sydney are within a reasonable walk or short cab/train ride from the hotel. Downtown is only two kilometers away, and the Opera House is only 3 km. Circular Quay, the main terminus for ferries, busses and trains, is a little over 2.5 km from the Hyatt Regency.

Hotel reservations are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling (02) 9358-3881 (from the U.S., dial 011 + 61 + 2 + 9358-3881). Since we have not booked a block of rooms, we recommend that you contact your travel agent or the hotel directly to determine room rates.

THE CR EVENTS

Friday, February 20:
5:00 pm - 6:30pm - Reception
6:30 pm - 8:00 pm - Dinner
8:00 pm - 11:00 pm - Apre Entertainment and Hospitality

Saturday, February 21:
5:00 pm - 6:30pm - Reception
6:30 pm - 8:00 pm - Dinner with Speaker
8:00 pm - 11:00 pm - Hospitality

Sunday, February 22:
9:00 am - 10:30 am - Breakfast and Farewells

CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEES

Thru 8/31/97:	U.S.$135.00
9/1/97 thru 12/31/97:	U.S.$145.00
1/1/98 thru 1/31/98:	U.S.$150

Will Call At Door: The Australian Equivalent of U.S. $150 (about AUD 194)

Note: Individual event passes will not be available. Total package only.

Fee covers three-course gourmet meals on Friday and Saturday, a plated breakfast on Sunday, and four hours of beverage (beer, wine or soft drinks) during Friday and Saturday receptions. Beverages over and above four hours will be for the account of delegate.

OTHER SPECIAL EVENTS

(Request additional information from CRPI)

2/22/98: Private Motor Coach Tour of Northern Beaches and Rain Forests, 5 nights.
2/28/98: View the Mardi Gras Parade from reserved seating with the CR gang.
3/2/98: Two-day R & R at the Sheraton Fiji Resort, Nadi, Fiji.

WILL-CALL REGISTRATION

For those who are unable to commit by January 31, 1998, and want to make a will-call reservation, request a special Will-Call Delegate Agreement/Registration Form. After we receive your special registration form, signed and completed, we will make your badge and have it waiting for you. Provide delegate agreement in advance; pay at the door. This arrangement is provided in good faith that customer will call prior to the event to confirm if he definitely cannot attend.

NEW CANCELLATION POLICY

Cancellations made before 1/31/98 will be subject to a cancellation charge of $25. No refunds will be available after 1/31/98. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, however, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate, provided cancellation is made by February 21, 1998. Allow 4-8 weeks for receipt of refunds.

No cancellation fee will be assessed if customer applies entire registration amount to his subscription renewal or the purchase of additional CR merchandise.

All fans of *Chiron Rising* Magazine and their friends are invited.

Registration must be made using the proper form, which is located on next page. Request a special registration form for will-call.

NOTE: SINCE THIS EVENT IS SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF GAY MARDI GRAS, WE RECOMMEND BOOKING WELL IN ADVANCE. THE BIG MARDI GRAS PARADE IS ON FEBRUARY 28TH.

Travel Tips:

Talk to your travel agent about special partially refundable rates for travel during the middle of the week on both Air New Zealand and Qantas, as well as United. Some fares are less than a third of the full economy fare. Allow at least two weeks minimum to attend our function and to see other sights in Australia.

CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
CRPI EVENTS DIVISION
STANDARD PRE-PAID REGISTRATION FORM AND DELEGATE AGREEMENT

(NOTE: ONE FORM PER DELEGATE, PLEASE)

NAME _____ **CONVENTION** _____
(please print legibly)

ADDRESS _____ **PACKAGE SELECTED** _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____ **AMOUNT ENCLOSED $**_____

COUNTRY/PROVINCE _____ **I WILL** _____/ **WILL NOT** _____ **BE STAYING AT THE HOST HOTEL**

BADGE FIRST NAME _____

I WILL BE ROOMING WITH

CR MODEL NAME _____ _____

STANDARD DELEGATE AGREEMENT

1. AGREEMENT: This agreement is entered into between Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. and the above named delegate, hereinafter called "Delegate".

2. DAMAGE RESPONSIBILITY: Delegate is responsible for any damage he causes to be done to the host hotel in excess of normal wear during the dates of the convention or for the duration of his stay.

3. INDEMNITY: Delegate agrees to indemnify and hold harmless the hotel and Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. against all claims, damages, losses and expenses, including, but not limited to attorney's fees, arising out of or resulting from errors, omissions, or negligent or intentional acts committed by Delegate.

4. APPAREL: Delegate agrees to refrain from wearing in public: costumes, cross-dressing apparel, or clothing with sexually explicit or offensive inscriptions thereon.

5. BADGES: Delegate agrees to wear the CR-provided badge at all times during functions and understands that he will not be granted entrance to such functions without one.

6. CAMERAS: Delegate agrees to confine any videography to areas outside the function rooms and to get permission from subjects prior to taping. Delegate understands that still photography is allowed in all areas, provided permission is granted by photographed subjects.

7. CONDUCT: Delegate agrees not to indulge in a) sexual or sexually suggestive behavior (including passionate kissing) outside the private rooms; b) offensive behavior, including the verbal or physical abuse of another; c) or disruptive or potentially damaging behavior caused by intoxication.

8. CONFISCATION AND EXPULSION: Delegate understands that the breach of this agreement could result in confiscation of his video cassette, his expulsion from the convention without refund, or both, contingent upon the final decision by the Event Directors.

I have carefully read, fully understand, and agree to abide by the above agreement.

Signature: _____

Date: _____

Signature: _____

Patrick H. Colley, President & CEO

Please make a copy of this agreement for yourself and send the signed original to:

Chiron Rising Publications, Inc.
P.O. Box 2589
Victorville, CA 92393
TEL/FAX within U.S.: (888) 227-2935 (toll-free)
TEL (outside U.S.): (760) 868-6371; FAX: (760) 868-0328
E-MAIL: CRPI@aol.com

CR PRICE LIST AND ORDER FORM

MAGAZINES

	U.S. FIRST CLASS AIRMAIL- CANADA/MEXICO CENTRAL/SO AMERICA	AIR MAIL ELSEWHERE
SUBSCRIPTIONS		
6 bimonthly issues of CR.	42.00	55.00
3 bimonthly issues of CR.	22.00	29.00
(CR Classics Magazine has been discontinued)		
CR BACK ISSUES: 70 thru 79	8.00 EA	10.00 EA
CRC BACK ISSUES: 7, 8	8.00 EA	10.00 EA
(CR 58 thru 69, CRC 2 thru 6, and CRC 9 SOLD OUT)		

Note: Postage and handling charges are included in the above pricing. Not subject to sales tax.

PERSONAL AD

BASIC AD: _____ Words @ 30 cents per word X _____ Issues = $ _____
CODE WORD: @ 5.00 X _____Issues= _____
TELEPHONE VERIFICATION @10 (one time charge per ad) _____

OTHER MERCHANDISE

	BASE PRICE, ALL LOCATIONS
BOOK: QUINCUNX by P.H. Colley - (Perfect bound soft cover)	5.95 EA
APPAREL: CAP WITH CR LOGO	8.00 EA
T-SHIRT WITH CR LOGO	DISCONTINUED

OTHER MERCHANDISE SHIPPING AND HANDLING: (Choose one and add to order)

Priority Mail - Cont. U.S., HI, AK, PR; 1st Class Can., Mex., Cen/So America	3.00 per order
Air Mail Postage - Europe	6.00 per order
Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	8.00 per order

ADD SALES TAX for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Total Base Price

TOTAL ENCLOSED U.S. $ _____

METHOD OF PAYMENT: Check ❑ Money Order ❑ VISA ❑ MASTER CARD ❑ AMERICAN EXPRESS ❑

Credit Card # _____ Expiration _____ Telephone Number _____

Signature (the signing of this form authorizes the above charges): _____
Name exactly as it appears on your credit card: _____

ALLOW 2 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. SEND CASH AT YOUR OWN RISK. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE):_____
COUNTRY (If other than U.S.A.): _____
I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on Day ____/ Month ____/ Year ____.

Signature: _____

HOW TO ORDER A CLASSIFIED AD

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD NO LATER THAN:
8/15/97 FOR CR 81; 10/15/97 FOR CR 82; 12/15/97FOR CR 83

1. On a sheet of paper, type or legitably PRINT your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost by filling out the previous form.

2. Multiply the number of words by 30 ¢ and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.

3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)* , you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.

4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER" OR A BLANK SPACE. YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

SAMPLE AD ORDER

DEAR CHIRON RISING,

PLEASE PLACE THE FOLLOWING AD IN YOUR NEXT AVAILABLE ISSUE UNDER UTAH:
(NOTE: THE WORD COUNT IS INTENDED FOR A GUIDE FOR CUSTOMER. NOT REQUIRED FOR AD.)

"SALT LAKE CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 187#, bald with white fringe, seeks 30-65,
(word count) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, cooking,
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
traveling, and gardening. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply.
31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45
Write: J.D., 1840 Calle Donde Esta, Salt Lake City, UT 84199, or call (801) 555-1212."
46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 ————59———

My name and address: John Derringer
1840 Calle Donde Esta
Salt Lake City, UT 84199

The pricing calculation for my ad is enclosed (from page 55).

I authorize the printing of the above ad and take full responsibility for any incident or relationship resulting therefrom. I am over the age of 18.

Signed: _____

ORDERS NOT USING THE ABOVE FORMAT WILL BE RETURNED. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEND NOTICES OUT THAT YOUR AD IS EXPIRING. THE DATE PRECEDING YOUR AD IS YOUR EXPIRATION DATE.

BODY VIGOROUS

A CUTTING EDGE LOOK AT
MATURE MEN'S HEALTH ISSUES

DHEA, MELATONIN, AND THE CORRECT VITAMIN E

I work for an M.D., so I get to read his medical journals. I've been reading about DHEA and Melatonin, especially after reading your report, and I decided to try some DHEA. First day: I got a little dizzy. Attributed it to low blood sugar since I tend to get hypoglycemic at times. Second day: I was so dizzy for three hours that I could barely stand up. Third day: I trashed the remainder of the bottle. Also started taking Vitamin E, and I found out something interesting. There are two types of Vitamin E: dl-alpha-tocopheryl acetate and d-alpha-tocopheryl acetate. The former is virtually useless. The d-alpha is the one which does all those wonderful things. Naturally, the bottle I had was the dl-type, but my doctor gave me a bottle of the good stuff. Since then, I have checked various supermarkets and pharmacies. So far, I have not found a single brand which sells d-alpha. Virtually all on the shelves are either dl-alpha or a mixture of both. Melatonin? I don't know. Maybe it's my imagination, but I had fairly large and dark "liver spots" (age spots, actually, and they have nothing to do with the liver). Since taking it (mixed with Valerian), the spots seem to have grown smaller and lighter. (Or was it the Valerian?) J.T./Hollywood, CA

Much gratitude to J.T./Hollywood. Bruce and I have changed to the d-alpha form of Vitamin E. We buy Nature's Life, which is sold in health food stores.

DEPRESSION

In Germany, the leading treatment for mild depression is not Prozac, it's Saint Johnswort, a yellow-flowered plant with the Latin name of *hypericum perforatum*. It's been said that the herb has been used to treat depression for over 2,000 years and was initially used in ancient Greece to drive away evil spirits. The herb has begun to catch on in the U.S. lately. Rob McCaleb of the Herb Research Foundation calls Saint Johnswort "the premier herb for treating moderate depression."

Interest in the U.S. increased dramatically when the *Journal of Geriatric Psychiatry and Neurology* devoted an entire issue to "Hypericum: A Novel Antidepressant." One of the studies described found that about 80% of 3,250 patients felt better or became completely free of symptoms after four weeks. Last August, the *British Medical Journal* published a review of 23 controlled studies involving 1,757 depressed patients. In that study, researchers from Germany and the U.S. found that Saint Johnswort worked nearly three times better than a placebo.

Researchers still know very little about the herb's active ingredients or how they work. They also don't know if the herb will be effective against severe depression or if it is safe over a long period of time.

NEW IMPOTENCE DRUGS

I first heard of MUSE urethral pellets at Dr. Tan's awesome workshop in Orlando and asked my doctor for a prescription. Inserting the pellet was no problem, but I felt a pain in my groin which took some time to diminish. Also, I didn't get an erection. I read about a Florida man's similar experience in Men's Confidential, *and I wonder, like he: is this a very expensive hoax? R.E./Phoenix*

We know of a couple of other men who tried the MUSE system and found it seriously lacking. But fret not. Better, less frightening medications are on the horizon.

Pfizer researchers say the angina drug they have been testing for increasing blood supply to the heart has shown promise for another organ that sometimes needs more blood: the penis. The company is now preparing to ask the FDA to approve the drug for treating impotence. The drug, Viagra, is expected to get FDA approval next year.

Viagra will be taken in pill form and is touted as having only minor side effects, according to Dr. Harin Padma-Nathan, a USC instructor and director of the Male Clinic in Santa Monica, a participant in the clinical studies of both Viagra and MUSE. Those taking part in the trials and studies say that the drug works as well as the injections or pellet insertions.

NECTAR OF THE GODS

According to Judith Seifer, Ph.D., R.N., past president of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists, an apple a day may sweeten oral sex. Not all men think that the ingestion of semen is dangerous, especially if they are involved in monogamous relationships. If your partner gags on your joy juice, you may want to cut down on the spices and eat more fresh fruit. Sour jissom can sometimes be caused by a prostate infection, but most of the time it's caused by acidic foods such as tomatoes or spicy foods such as onions, garlic, or oregano. Caffeine and alcohol don't help matters much either. Men with diets high in natural sugars are most likely to have sweeter seminal fluids.

POTASSIUM AND BLOOD PRESSURE

According to researchers at Johns Hopkins Medical Institutions in Baltimore, a diet rich in potassium, the nutrient found in potatoes, bananas, and oranges , can reduce high blood pressure. Those who took at least 2.5 grams of potassium supplements daily reduced their systolic blood pressure by more than three points and their diastolic blood pressure by slightly less than two points. That's about the amount of potassium in six bananas. The study involved a detailed analysis of comparable information from 2,609 patients in 33 studies of potassium and hypertension.

PYCNOGENOL A POWERFUL NEW ANTIOXIDANT

Pycnogenol is relatively new in the U.S., but it has been researched extensively in Europe and has been available as a nutritional supplement in Europe, Argentina, Australia, New Zealand, and the Far East for several years. Its safety has been well-studied and its benefits documented in many European scientific and medical journals.

Pycnogenol is a patented blend of nutrients found in fruits, vegetables and other plants. It works synergistically with vitamin C as a "helpmate"—enhancing its activity.

In 1534, French explorer Jacques Cartier and his vessel crew of 110 were blocked by ice in what is now known as the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They were forced to subsist on a diet mostly of salted meat and biscuits, completely devoid of fruits and vegetables. Just before scurvy killed off all of Cartier's crew, a tribe of Quebec Indians fed the last of them tea from the needles and bark of certain pine trees. Cartier and what was left of his crew were cured and survived the winter. Apparently the needles contained a small amount of vitamin C, and the bark contained flavonols which potentiate the antiscorbutic effect of vitamin C. Although the bioflavonoids of pycnogenol can be extracted from grapes and other fruits and vegetables, the patented commercial source is the bark of the European coastal pine (*Pinus maritima or Pinus pinaster*).

Research has shown that pycnogenol strengthens capillaries, arteries and veins; improves circulation and enhances cell vitality; reduces capillary fragility, diabetic retinopathy, varicose veins, and edematous legs; improves skin smoothness and elasticity; improves joint flexibility; and fights inflammation. Studies have shown that pycnogenol is 50 times more powerful than vitamin E and 20 times more potent than vitamin C in standard tests.

As we've stated in previous articles, vitamins E and C are antioxidants, which seek and destroy free radicals in the body. Free radicals are chemical fragments that cause body damage that can lead to nearly fifty disease conditions including accelerated aging, cancer, heart disease and arthritis. Although pycnogenol may turn out to be one of the most powerful free radical scavengers available as a nutrient, we've been told that pycnogenol should be used with vitamins C and E as a synergistic balancer. Pycnogenol should not be used in place of other vitamins; it should be used in conjuction with them.

Bruce and I have been taking pycnogenol for six weeks as of this writing, and future segments of BODY VIGOROUS will chronicle the results. If and when we endorse it, we will advise our readers how to obtain it.

FOLLOW-UP

In CR #79, we reported on a new heart drug called ReoPro. In the June issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, scientists say that ReoPro proved so effective that a major study of 4,800 people at 69 medical centers was halted in December 1995 with just 2,792 volunteers enrolled. Results from the first 1,500 volunteers in the study demonstrated that the drug, when given with the anti-clotting agent heparin, can reduce by 60% the incidence of heart attacks, emergency bypass operations and deaths. Just 5.2% of those given ReoPro plus a low dose of heparin had such complications, compared with 5.4% of those given ReoPro pus a higher dose of heparin and 11.7% of those given a placebo and heparin. The findings persuaded the study's overseers that it would be unethical to continue the trial, because that would mean withholding the drug from the comparison group.

Eric Topol of the Cleveland Clinic in Ohio and a member of the research team says, "This is the first medicine that markedly increased the safety of coronary angioplasty." He noted, however, that the drug's price, $1,407 a dose, is "an obstacle to widespread use of this therapy."

Cardiologist David Holmes of the Mayo Clinic, in a companion editorial, says that ReoPro is part of a drug class that "represents the most important advance" in blood-clot reduction during coronary plumbing repair "since the discovery of the central role of aspirin."

The article didn't address the drug's promise in treating unstable angina, but cardiologists say that this benefit is clearly indicated.

NEW CANCER TREATMENTS

PROTON THERAPY

The three most common types of cancer treatment are surgery, chemotherapy and radiation therapy. Now another has been gaining favor in the medical community: proton beam therapy. It is similar to X-ray treatment in that it is non-invasive and painless, but proton beams are a much more precise method of treatment.

By utilizing the millimeter-precision of the proton beam, physicians can treat a tumor with a higher dose of radiation than X-rays, providing a better chance to control or cure the disease by sparing more surrounding healthy tissue. Moreover, a wider variety of tumors can be treated.

Like X-ray therapy, proton radiation is invisible and cannot be felt.

Once a cell is exposed to enough radiation, it is no longer able to grow and it eventually dies. Treatments may last from one day to eight weeks, depending upon the size and location of the tumor. It is usually given on an outpatient basis, and most patients are able to carry on normal daily activities.

Obviously patients benefitting the most are those with localized tumors which have not spread, but proton therapy can effectively treat metastasized tumors which have not responded to traditional treatments. It can also treat localized tumors that sometimes recur following surgery and X-ray therapy. Patients who have blood cell tumors such as leukemia would not usually be treated with protons.

In Southern California, Loma Linda University Medical Center's Proton Treatment Center has been in operation since 1990 and is considered the pioneer. The center's telephone number is (909) 824-4288. Check out **http://www.llu.edu/proton/milestones.htm** for the history of the proton treatment development at Loma Linda.

Massachusetts General Hospital and other regional medical centers have joined forces in the creation of the Northeast Proton Therapy Center, which will be located on the MGH campus. When completed in mid-1988, the center will be the only such hospital-based facility in the northeast, and one of only two in the U.S, the other being Loma Linda. Check out **http://neurosurgery.mgh.harvard.edu/pbm-shpg.htm**

Medicare has issued a policy bulletin on Proton Beam Radiation Therapy which will be retroactive for services performed on or after June 27, 1996. They state: "Proton Beam Radiation Therapy for treatment of Prostate Cancer will no longer be considered investigational. Proton-beam radiation therapy is non-investigational in the treatment of malignancies. Proton-beam therapy may be medically necessary for the treatment of intraocular melanomas, pituitary neoplasms, small arteriovenous malformations, CNS lesions, head and neck malignancies, and prostate malignancies. Benefits will be provided when services are considered medically reasonable and necessary to treat the Prostate Cancer."

NUCLEAR MEDICINE FOR BONE CANCER
(and perhaps RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS)

Enclosed is some information on prostate and bone cancer. ProstaScint (a monoclonal antibody imaging agent) and Quadramet (a radiopharmaceutical) have just been approved by the FDA. You will probably be hearing more about these through the new media. B.P./ Atlanta

B.P. sent a wealth of information, and we thank him very much. Some basic information:

Cytogen Corporation's ProstaScint is a non-invasive (nonsurgical) in-vivo diagnostic imaging agent available to prostate cancer patients considered at high risk for cancer spread outside the prostate. The Cytogen Corporation has established PIE (Partners In Excellence) to ensure that nuclear medicine imaging centers properly administer and interpret the ProstaScint product. The benefits of this protocol include a doctor's ability to see precisely the extent of metastases and to treat them much more effectively.

Quadramet, a drug developed as a treatment for patients with severe chronic pain associated with cancer that spreads to the bone, received FDA marketing clearance in March 1997. Quadramet fills the urgent need for effective relief during one of the most painful stages in the progression of cancer. Clinical studies show that Quadramet targets the sites of new bone formation, concentrating in regions of the bone that have been invaded with metastatic tumor. The drug goes to the source of cancer bone pain and irradiates the osteoblastic tumor sites resulting in relief of pain. The onset of pain relief is experienced as early as one week in the majority of patients.

The existing arsenal of standard therapies (morphine, external radiation therapy, etc.) are often inadequate for the long-term management of cancer bone pain when cancer has metastasized to the bone. Long-term use of opioids can severely impair a patient's life activities, and spot radiation therapy can become toxic as multiple lesions develop. Quadramet is administered by a single intravenous injection on an outpatient basis. Patients who respond to the drug may begin to notice pain relief one week after injection.

Studies are now ongoing for the use of Quadramet in the treatment of Rheumatoid Arthritis.

For more information, contact your urologist or doctor, or you may call 800-635-2683. Website: **http://www.cytogen.com**

HERBAL ANTIBIOTICS

I am currently taking colloidal silver along with pycnogenol for my chronic prostatitis and will be reporting on its effectiveness in later articles.

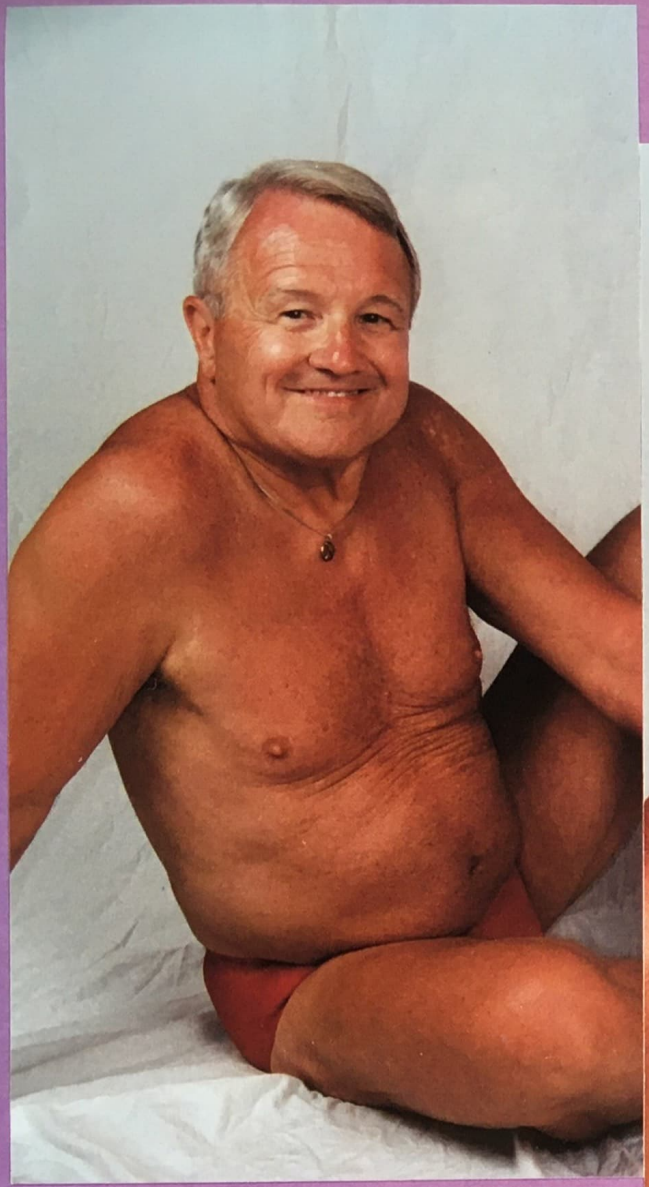
Another herbal remedy for infection has been getting a lot of attention lately. According to a paper presented at a recent meeting of the American Society of Microbiology, ginseng, the ancient Chinese herbal remedy, may succeed where some modern antibiotics no longer can.

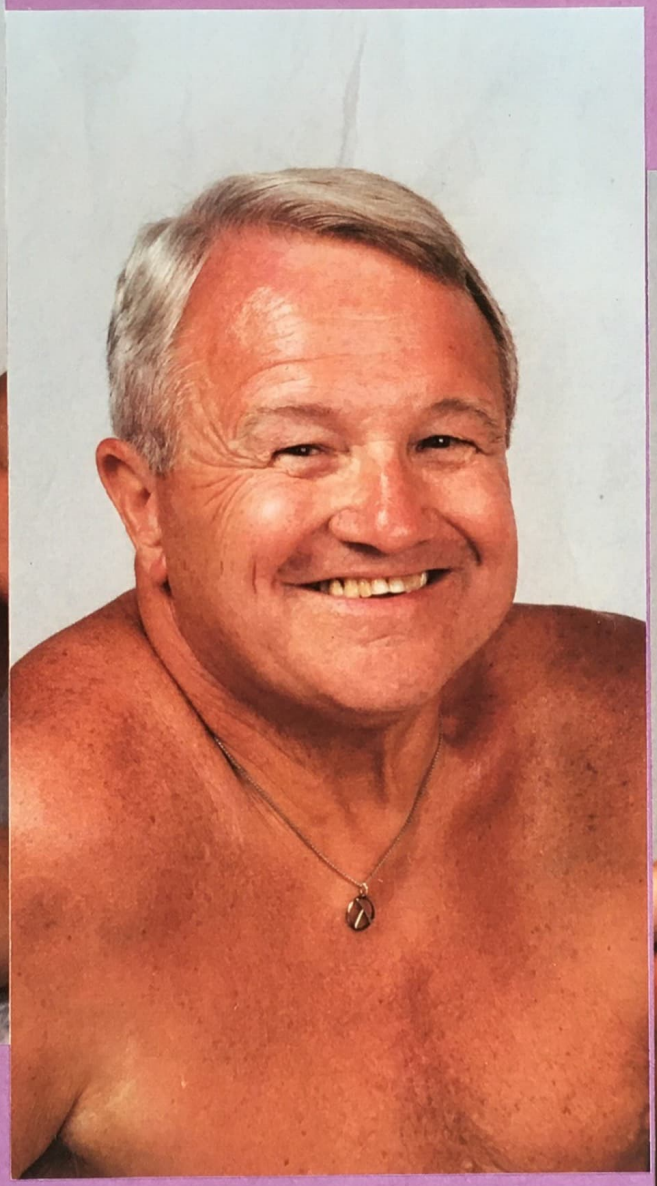
In studies on rats, Danish researchers found that an extract of ginseng injected daily for 10 days reduced the level of a bacteria that causes chronic lung damage in people with cystic fibrosis. The bacteria, *pseudoonas aeruginosa*, are resistant to antibiotic treatment.

Ginseng treatments also reduced the severity of infection, says researcher ZhiJun Song of Rigshospitalet in Copenhagen. He went on to say that while studies are needed to find out why ginseng works, "based on these results, ginseng might be a promising natural medicine" for such infections.

Want to know more about a health subject? Write us, and we'll research it for you.

Best of Health, Pat & Bruce





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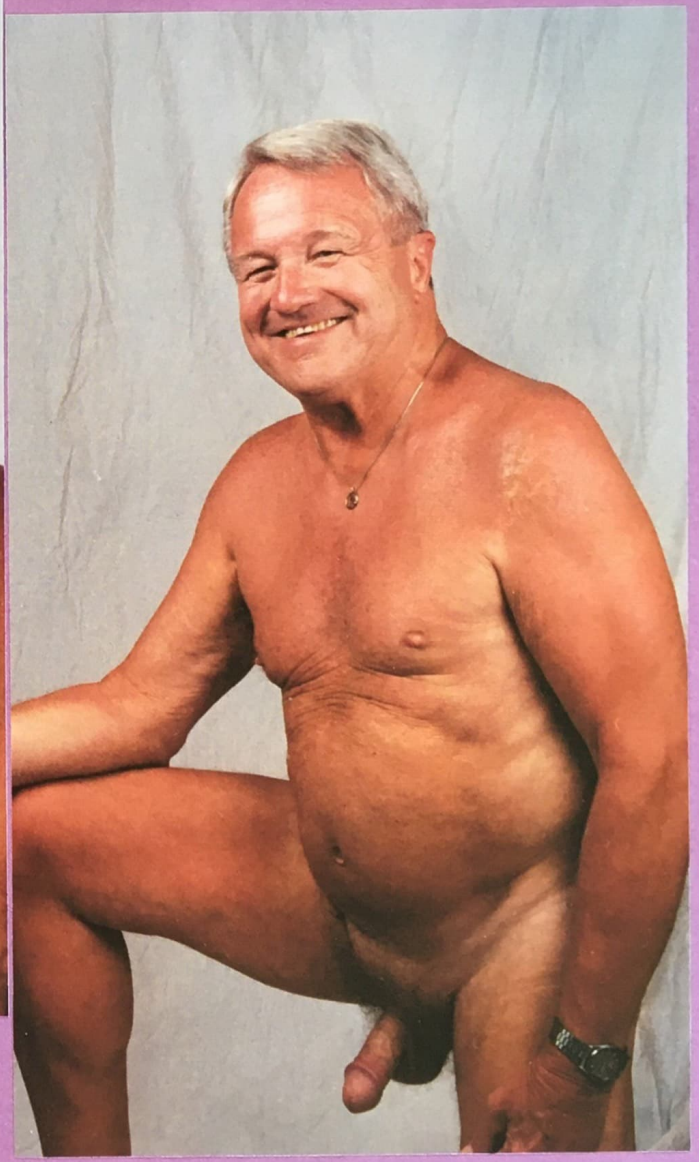

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